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de Barry

T H E
AUTHENTIC MEMOIRS
OF THE
COUNTESS de BARRE,

T H E
FRENCH KING'S MISTRESS,

Carefully collated from a Manuscript in the
Possession of the Dutchess of Villeroy,

By SIR FRANCIS N——.

*Si l'on se plait a l'image du vray,
Combien doit on rechercher le vray meme ?*

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N:

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ALPHABETICAL INDEX

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BOOKS lately Printed for, and to be
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Stationer, at No. 54, St. Martin's
Le Grand.

1. **T**HE history of Sir Charles Dormer
and Miss Harriet Villars: in
which are exemplified, from a late cata-
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quences arising from confidants and inter-
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wish to keep the affections of their
husbands, &c. &c. See the Critical
Review for October 1770.

2. Hen-

BOOKS Printed for J. ROSON.

2. *Henrietta Countess of Osenvor* : a sentimental novel. In a series of letters to Lady Sufannah Fitzroy. By Mr. Treysfac de Vergy. 2 vols. 12mo. Price 5s. sewed.

The novel before us is truly a sentimental one : the principal characters are strongly marked ; and the incidents are naturally introduced. Mrs Verman, an ambitious mother, is well drawn, and her conversations with her daughter, in consequence of her eagerly desiring to see her a lady of quality, sufficiently shew the composer of them to be acquainted with the female heart. Mrs Verman is indeed the strongest marked character in the two volumes, and her fluctuations between ambition and maternal affection are forcibly described. See the Critical Review for October 1770.

MEMOIRS, &c.

LETTER I.

Sir Francis N— to Richard V— Esq.

YOU know not, dear Richard, the difficulty of the task you have imposed upon me. Like children, who will have this, and that, without considering whether it is in the power of their *mama* to give it, you beg of me what I am not really able to grant. Had you intreated me to believe that the D— of C— excels the waiter at the London tavern, in wit, sense and learning, I might for yours, have abjured my own
B reason,

reason, and credited the thing, however ridiculous—nay, to please you, I would have been far from impeaching either the judgment or the virtue of lady G—; but when you desire I would write the memoirs of a king's mistress, it is as impossible for me to gratify your curiosity, as for a miser to lend his money without a premium and interest. The favourite sultana of the grand monarch, is as sacred as a mystery of religion: it is almost a capital sin to speak of her: there would be less danger to laugh at purgatory, or despise a *new made saint*, than to affirm that she has a fault either in her person or character.

The French are in so constant a fear of the Bastile, that their eyes and lips open only to flatter and
admire;

admire: they are in the situation of those unfortunates, who under ancient tyrants were flogged to death, and had not the liberty to cry. I know no slaves more abject and pusillanimous upon earth, for they have a true sense of the dignity of *man*, and yet degrade themselves below the *brute*, through the dread of a frown or a disgrace. We have admired in England the noble behaviour of their princes of the blood, and the bold speeches of their parliaments: they were the roarings of a dying lion——terrible, but impotent. The magnanimity of a few citizens cannot avail to the happiness of a whole nation, trembling at the imperious nod of a despotic minister.

From men of that cast, Richard, I can learn but what they dare to speak, and as their apprehensions always prevail over the pleasure of flandering, their tongue is necessarily an enemy to truth. When the late marchioness of Pompadour reigned, Paris swarmed with her spies, who were the less suspected that they were most of them men of rank and fortune. Those noble insects had sold their honour to her pride, and revived the time of Tiberius, when base accusers were protected by the prince, and obtained the first places in the state. The least word upon her birth, manners, and administration was severely punished. She inspired at last such a terror, that instead of the contempt she justly deserved, she was publickly

lickly commended by magistrates, orators, and poets.

The life of the countess *De Barré* before the French king became enamoured of her, has been whispered in my ear, but it differs so much from the account the editors of some magazines have given you of that lady, that it looks rather like a romance than a real history. It is in every respect the reverse of what you know concerning her. The favourers of the countess, I mean those who have profited by her rank and credit, affirm that she is well born, had an excellent education, was married to a man of an honourable family, and is worthy the consideration she enjoys. I wonder at this panegyric of the countess, no more than at the satire against her: it is the

B 3

ordinary

ordinary language of friendship and hatred. Which of the satirists and flatterers are to be believed, I will not determine: I'll only say, that I am too lazy to inquire for the *truth*, though I should even be certain to discern it from *falsehood*. Adieu.

Paris, 1770.

LET.

LETTER II.

"YOUR curiosity is the more inflamed, that I do not seem inclined to satisfy it." You have in you, Richard, the true spirit of a woman; I compliment you upon that charming quality, which, though often the plague of life, is still oftner its soul and delight. You see that I can praise, what I do not like; but it is here the *Bonton*, and I implicitly follow it.

I am amazed your choice should have fallen upon me, who, of all your friends in Paris, should have been the last to be thought of. The *nonchalance* of my temper.

temper makes me absolutely unfit to serve you. “ I keep the best company, “ am one at almost every *souper fin*, and “ the countess of *Perigord* condescends “ to smile upon me”—all that makes against you Richard. Was not my time a continued scene of pleasure and dissipation, I might spare an hour in your favour; but every one of the twenty four is absolutely disposed of. Unless I steal one hour from sleep or my toilet, I do not conceive how I can conveniently please you, and myself. A toilet is here so important a business, and so indispensable, when you have the ambition of being distinguished in a circle, that I might as rationally pretend to be preferred at St. Jam—’s with *merit only* as to hope to be well received in Paris without an elegant and

and fashionable dress. Would you have me keep the room, or lose my importance? Thou art not sure such an unconscionable fellow. Were I willing to sacrifice to thy whim a part of my sleep, Who will warrant me thy discretion? Will not thou show my letters? Since lord Pom—e—t has ranked among the authors, I hate the very name of it—Who would boast a prostituted honour? —“Thou wilt no longer look upon me as thy friend if I deny thee”—it seems that I hear a Turk thundering in my ear, “Believe in Mahomet, or be impaled”—Richard, since thou leavest me no other choice than to obey or lose thy friendship, I will obey, for I sincerely esteem thee above sleep, and the gratification of a foolish pride. Adieu.

Paris, 1770.

LET.

LETTER III.

✓ **W**HEN a woman of no celebrity in the world of gallantry, rises on a sudden to the dignity of a favourite sultana to a great prince, the attention of the courtiers fixes naturally upon her. Like an uncommon meteor she is the subject of every conversation. Though the curiosity of the French be limited within the round of whispers, their scrutiny is carried on with a spirit equal to that of *Junius* in the public analysis of our ministers. It seems that the necessity of silencing their thoughts, gives a more animated life to their enquiries.

The

The birth and life of the countess *De Barré* are wrapt up in as great an obscurity as the abilities of lord *N—h*, and therefore liable to esteem or contempt agreeably to the less or more favourable light in which they are seen. 'Tis a medal, the exergue of which is often the satire of the head upon it.

Were I to judge of the countess from what she appears to be, I would think that the most illustrious blood circulates in her veins: but as in this country the education of the vulgar varies not from that of the noble, it is almost impossible to form a just opinion of either. There are very few women among the plebeians, who do not outvie the ladies of the court in wit, foppery, graces and talents, and who could not figure with ease and elegance

elegance upon the stage of the most polite life. Those advantages in the countess are then no proofs of her high birth or refined education, since they are equally the property of every one of her sex.

The high personages who are admitted at her toilet, and suffered to play with her lap-dog, in gratitude for her extreme condescension, attempt to persuade the public that her pedigree is made of heroes. This ridiculous homage to her vanity has been paid only by the ambitious, who, in all times, will seemingly adore the dispensers of evil and good, however contemptible they may be.

The

The greatest devotee to that idol, is the famous duke of *Richelieu*: it is he who set it up in opposition to the duke de Choiseul who favoured another deity, whose worship, then on decline, he wanted to revive in the heart of the king. The experience of Richlieu gave him a superiority over his less skilful rival, and the countess was proclaimed the goddess of the day.

Not content with having vanquished Choiseul in the fields of pimping, Richlieu had the noble ambition of cheating the people of their reason, and imposing upon them the countess as the contrast of *Pompadour*. Being not able to force the nation into an implicit faith in the virtue of his heroine, he desired his friends, and bid his emissaries to repre-
sent

sent her in every circle as the only woman in the kingdom worthy of the attachment of his sovereign. His success answered the grandeur of his zeal; for two months his opinion was almost universally adopted, and the good natured Parisian was overjoyed at the choice their monarch had made.

The party in the interest of Choiseul, who cannot suffer a rival in *Louis's* confidence, played in vain all the batteries ambition could invent against the countess. Personal indignities were offered her; and the royal ears were more than one stunned with a catalogue of her foibles and follies. *Louis* loved: he was deaf, and saw but perfection in the woman he was told to be totally defective of the virtues of her sex. A beauty
sup-

supported with wit and the desire of pleasing will always prevail in the heart of an amorous man over the arguments of reason.

The despair of turning the inclination of the king into dislike or indifference, made Choiseul dissemble his resentment; and it was during his seeming inactivity that Richlieu exerted himself indefatigably, to propagate the errors he tenderly indulged.

Choiseul was awaked, though apparently asleep. He made, privately, so diligent a search after the nature of the female phenomenon, which threatened him with disgrace, that, coming to the knowledge of its identity, he tore off the veil which covered it, and hung it

to the scorn of the public. The shame of having been deluded caused an instant revolution in the mind of the French, and *Truth* reclaimed the votaries *Error* had seduced from her. Deprived of the *drapery of illusion*, behind which, like in a shrine, she had been universally respected, the countess appeared what she really was. Confounded at the discovery of her birth and amours, she renounced her claim to the public esteem, fled for comfort in the arms of her royal lover, and from that sacred asylum braves boldly the contempt of her enemies.

The spirit of faction, dear Richard, is not scrupulous about the means it employs either to exalt or debase: men actuated by opposite interest dip indifferently

ferently their pen in the *gall* of satire, or the *honey* of flattery. Honour and justice fly from their hearts, and leave to passion the sway over their understanding. Thus the countess *De Barré* is seen under two faces the reverse of each other. Which is the real I will not decide : it is the duty of an historian to be impartial.

The history of the *birth* of madam *De Barré* in *Poitou*, and of her *marriage* with a *gentleman* of that province, is now as much exploded in *Paris* as the epistolary talents of the *D—* of *C—* are in *London*. It was the work of a great magician, who haughtily defied time and the power of men to pull it down, so ingeniously had he laid the foundation of it. He boasted—no longer can
he

he boast. All his scenery and deception are fallen in tatters, and have discovered to the eye of reason the futility of his art. The force of the mechanics employed against the edifice he had erected, I will display in my next.

Paris, 1770.

LET

LETTER IV.

THOU art, Richard, at full liberty to believe or not believe me : but though what I am going to relate should appear *improbable*, let it not be thy reason for thinking it *impossible*, unless thou choosest to set thy own judgment against the testimony of thousands ready to swear to the truth of it. That thou mayest be wiser than a thousand block-heads, I allow ; But in the scale of opinion their folly would outweigh thy wisdom, and make an ass of thee. For my part I have long ceased to stare and wonder, not that I know or can guess the cause of every event, but because I
am

am conscious that we cannot with propriety call any thing *common* or *extraordinary*, *absurd* or *rational*. So many *nothings* have been made *something* in my dear country, through the benign influence of whores, and gold, that I can see without amazement a beauty leap from a public bagnio into a royal bed. The distance which parts her from it, seems to me much easier to be run over, than the interval between a *fool* and a place of *honour*, a *rogue* and a *peerage*.

The countess *De Barré*, though of an *Irish extraction*, has neither a coat of arms, nor a genealogy, nor an ancestor whose name was ever preceded by the noble vowel *O*. Her father was plainly *Mr. Palmer*, he drew indeed his originality

originality from *Adam*, but through the philosophy of his predecessors, who had nobly disdained to engrave or chronicle the names and actions of the heads of their family, generation after generation, could not remember higher than his grandfather, an honest barber in the county of Antrim in Ireland. Mr. Palmer believing piously that God never visited the countries where mass was not publicly said, left a nobleman he served as *valet de chambre*, and came to act in Paris the character of a language-master. Its profits affording him only the necessaries of life, he wisely resolved on marrying a young and beautiful servant maid, whom he had often seen at one of his customers, a *canon* of St. Germain L'Auxerrois. An handsome wife was a treasure for a man of his disposition.

position. Certain that her beauty would compensate for her want of a portion, he offered his hand to the lovely *Manon*, who gladly accepted him for a husband. The *canon* was at first against the match; but *Manon* promising to pay him often a morning visit, he made them a present of fifty *Louisdor*, and performed the ceremony of their marriage.

Palmer understood very well the meaning of the fifty *Louisdor*, and of the daily visits of his wife to the *canon*'s house; but too prudent not to conceal his thoughts, he acted as if he knew nothing of the matter. Mrs. Palmer, out of gratitude for the discreet behaviour of her husband fleeced the *canon*, set up an elegant house, and furnished it even with the luxuries of life.

“ I have

“ I have made an excellent acquisition” exclaimed Mr. Palmer one day,
 “ God be thanked !

“ What is that excellent acquisition
 “ you have made, my dear” asked
 his wife, taping upon his shoulder with
 a smile.

Mr. Palmer, who had not seen her enter the room, blushed at his indiscretion, and did not know what to answer. *Manon's* curiosity rising in proportion to his perplexity, he got up, embraced her, and owned she was the object of his exclamation. Mrs. *Palmer* was in her turn thrown into confusion, and turned her head to hid from him the sense of her guilt, too visible in the sudden colouring of her cheek.

“ Be

" Be not uneasy, madam; I know all,
 " and forgive all. Jealousy is a vice I
 " am not tainted with. My reason tells
 " me we act right: were we more deli-
 " cate, we would be less happy. Thou
 " hast made life a delight to me—fools
 " only could think it a torment."

After this declaration, Mrs. Palmer
 bid her confusion away, and felicitated
 herself upon possessing a husband of his
 good sense. Both agreeing that opu-
 lence was a real good, *et*

qu'il est bien doux de ne rien faire,

they held a council, in which it was re-
 solved, that a *financier* should be added
 to the *canon*, whose income was insuffi-
 cient to gratify their taste for pleasure.

Mr.

Mr. Palmer had in view the son of a rich *fermier*, to whom he taught the English language; he was young, unexperienced, amorous, had a great command of money, and was a fit instrument for the purposes of a knave. To all the flatterers about him Monsieur G—— preferred Palmer, who having adapted the maxim of a great prince, that a courtier must have neither *kumeur* nor *bonneur*, was constantly in the company of his *Patron*, just what he wanted him to be. Palmer having marked this gentleman for his fool, let a whole week pass before he went to see him. Mr. G—— inquiring for the cause of his neglect, Barry answered that he had been obliged to wait upon his wife at Chantilly.

C

What!

“ What! have you a wife!—

“ Yes, Sir.—

“ Handsome, I dare say.—

“ She is thought so.—

“ And I knew nothing of it! how
“ came you to keep that secret from
“ me, who is your sincere friend?—

“ It is not, Sir, a confidence a hus-
“ band should make to a man of your
“ merit.—

“ You are not afraid of me—are
“ you?—

“ Indeed I would be so, was she to
“ see you.—

“ You

“ You do me too much honour,
 “ Palmer, to prove you that I deserve
 “ it not, I’ll step to Mrs. Palmer’s to-
 “ morrow noon——do you give me
 “ leave?——you hesitate?——what!
 “ jealous already? ah, ah, ah!——

“ Be pleased, Sir, to consider the
 “ difference between you and me.—

“ Why—there is one to be sure.—

“ It is too sensible not to be felt by
 “ my wife—I wish you would not
 “ think of favouring her with a visit—
 “ next to death I fear cuckoldom.—

“ A man of thy spirits to entertain
 “ such a prejudice! ridiculous!—if it
 “ be thy fate to be one of the horned

“ cattle, thou shalt not avoid it. The
 “ devil of pride surely is in thee. How
 “ art thou so bold as to hope to possess a
 “ faithful wife, when it is so scarce a be-
 “ ing among thy betters? ah, ah, ah.—
 “ Thy presumption is an absurdity of
 “ the first Magnitude.—Have you been
 “ long in *Paris*?——

“ Three years, Sir.——

“ Three years! and you are not yet
 “ grown reasonable? your soul must be
 “ damnably obstinate in her conceits—

“ The word of cuckold is very hard
 “ of digestion.——

’Tis

" 'Tis but a word—what should it
" be else?—Cuckoldom is nothing.—

" *Quand on l'ignore ce n'est rien ;*
" *Quand on le Sçait, C'est peu de chose.*

" Reason, Sir, will not destroy my
" fears—you are shap'd for a good
" fortune——

" If reason does not, my word will,
" —do you doubt my honour?——

" Your honour? not I indeed. Let
" honour be your oath, and my house
" is free for you——

" Well, I engage my honour that
" I will not speak your wife into in-
" fidelity—are you content?——

" I am,

" I am, Sir. Now my wife is at
" your service.——

" At my service ! and yet, you will
" not be a cuckold !——

" At your service, Sir, is only a
" way of talking ; I mean that you may
" come to see her.——

" Well, I'll go to-morrow."——

Then bidding Palmer out of his closet
with a waving of his hand, he burst into
laughter at the stupidity of that fellow,
who could rely upon his word of honour,
when the keeping it would disgrace him
in the eye of his wife, and bring upon
his

[3^r]

his manners the censure of his friends:

—Richard my eyes tell me I must go
to rest. Adieu.

Paris 1770.

L'E T

L E T T E R V.

MR. Palmer communicated to his wife his conversation with the son of the rich *fermier*, and she prepared herself to finish the part her husband had so successfully begun.

Mrs. Palmer had no need of the help of a toilet to appear extremely lovely, tempting, and desirous: nature had formed her of roses and lillies, and worked every limb and feature for the delight of man. There was a language in her eyes, which, had it been as feelingly

ingly answered, would have instantly dissolved a soul into raptures : from her lips flowed a perpetual invitation : wanton desires tinted her neck with the hue of pleasure ; and the life of her ivory bosom called forcibly for the pressure of your hand.

Imaginés de flore la jeunesse,
 La taille et l'air de la nymphe des bois,
 Et de Vénus la grace enchanteresse,
 Et de l'Amour le séduisant minois.

Had Voltaire seen Mrs. Palmer, he would have composed those four lines for her : no picture could have been more true and characteristic : if thou thinkest, Richard, the poetic description the daughter of fancy, and that no beauty ever could boast so many advantages,

tages, cast thy looks upon lady Almeria Car—r, upon lady Harriet St—h—e, and thy incredulity will cease.

Mrs. Palmer put on a *deshabillé* made of a light silk, and of a still lighter gauze—her shoe would have set off the foot of Psyche——it seemed as if the graces had forsaken Venus to preside at her dress. To art she was indebted for no charm—Richard ! to art she was indebted for no charm—would thou couldst say the same of thy Betty——of thy Betty, who thinks falsely that *art* is the *life of nature* !

After having darted a few glances at the glass, Mrs. Palmer laid herself down upon a couch, took the *Bijoux Indiscrets*, and

and read till she heard the voice of the young *financier*.

At the sight of Monsieur G— she rose up seemingly confused, and advancing towards him, asked what were his commands?

“ My commands, Madam ! ” stammered he with the accent of admiration
 “ upon my word, I have none to give—
 “ but am absolutely ready to receive
 “ yours——

“ My husband, Sir, is not at home
 “ ——shall I send for him ?——

“ By no means, Madam—let him
 “ remain where he is—this minute I
 “ must

“ must enjoy undisturbed—— Good
 “ God! where could Palmer find out a
 “ woman of that exquisite shape——
 “ of that genuine complexion?——

Mrs. Palmer affecting not to understand him, stepped with a graceful dignity to the bell.

“ Ring not that bell, I beseech you,
 “ Madam; my business is with you,
 “ and not with Mr. Palmer——Didn’t
 “ he tell you I was to come?——

“ He did not, Sir——What business can you have with me?——

These words were pronounced in such a manner as to make that business extremely important.

Let

“ Let me, first, dear Madam, reco-
 “ ver from the flutter of my spirits—
 “ I know not——but——you
 “ have made such an impression up-
 “ on my heart—— I can hardly
 “ breathe——

Mrs. Barry turned from him.

“ Be not offended at my gazing upon
 “ you——envy me not that pleasure—

And taking hold of her hand——

“ My tribute of adoration is Your
 “ due——deign to accept it, though
 “ you should hate the man who pays
 “ it——

Mrs.

Mrs. Palmer thought proper to look more chearfully.

“ Had you told me you was a comedian, and your intention of rehearsing before me a part you are undoubtedly to perform, I would have humoured the passion you expressed so well. Do you belong to the French or the Italian? ———

“ I a comedian, Madam! ——— Have I the mien of a comedian? ———

And he threw a side glance to the glass.

“ The mistake, Madam, is not flattering ———

And

And he perused himself from head to foot.

“ The character you assumed, Sir, deceived me——

“ I mimic nobody, Madam, the character was my own——

“ If it is your own, I advise you to barter it for another, or never to be yourself again, when in company with the wife of your friend.——

“ You are handsome——I am sensible——Can I be guilty?——Curiosity brought me here——love will follow me from hence——

Ah!

“ Ah! ah! ah! ah!_____

“ Ought my language be strange
 “ to your ear? Who can see you,
 “ and not feel, and not talk as I do?—

“ Now, Sir, said Mrs. Palmer, with a
 “ gesture of indignation and impatience,
 “ to your business with me. What is
 “ it?_____

And she sat upon the couch. The seduction of her attitude was a call to the senses of Mr. G——. Had she but smiled upon him—but she did not smile—his eyes only enjoyed the luxurious banquet. When Mrs. Palmer judged that her charms had worked upon her lover, and that his desires were at their height,

height, she arose, and asked him what his business was.

“ I have no other, Madam, than to
 “ love——no other than to tell it you.
 “ —Had I foreseen the danger such as
 “ it is, never would I have exposed my-
 “ self to it.—My imagination had not
 “ painted you so beautiful—frown not,
 “ I deserve your pity, and not your an-
 “ ger——I am not proof against
 “ beauty.——

“ It does not become me, Sir, to
 “ listen any longer——

And dropping a curtesy, she tript to
 the next room.

Don't

“ Don’t leave me; I’ll be silent—to
“ please you I will forget myself.—

Mrs. Palmer came back, and politely
desired him to sit by her side on the
couch.

“ O Virtue! Who would have
“ thought of finding thee here?—Can’st
“ thou please thyself where no public
“ honours can be paid to thee? did’st
“ thou dwell in the heart of a woman
“ of rank, her example would turn to
“ thy glory, and the advantage of mora-
“ lity——but here——here——

Mr. G—— did not finish his mental
soliloquy. The inclination he felt mak-
ing him averse to enter upon an indif-
ferent

ferent topic, Mrs. Palmer was at liberty to give the conversation the turn she liked the best. After half an hour of a tittle tattle, in which he was as forcibly absent and stupid, as she was naturally humourous and witty, Mrs. Palmer gave him permission to repeat his visit, and he went away having, as he had foretold, mighty Love in his train.——

A card from the dutchess of Villeroy!
I must dress and go to her. Adieu.

Paris, 1770.

L E T.

LETTER VI.

" YOUTH cannot dissemble, said
 " Mrs. Palmer when she was alone,
 " Mr. G—— loves me—he had the
 " looks of a true passion—his silence
 " praised my charms with much more
 " energy than words could have done—
 " and indeed, if the glass flatters me
 " not, it was impossible for a man of
 " his age to behold me with indiffe-
 " rence.—Now, what shall I do with my
 " slave?—he is young, well made,
 " rich—he must not feel the weight of
 " his chains, but be kept in a perpe-
 " tual fear of being free again.—Nei-
 " ther

"ther my heart, nor my taste declare
 " against him—a woman may surely be
 " happy with such a lover—I wish he
 " could inspire me with the tenderness
 " he feels for me——never yet have I
 " enjoyed the pleasures of love—they
 " are known only by those whom a mu-
 " tual passion inflames for each other.
 " The *canon*, my husband—poor indeed
 " are the sensations they cause!—self
 " interest bids me not to surrender but
 " after a brave defence—I will follow
 " its dictates, and wait for the storm,
 " though my own inclination should
 " incline me to capitulate."

After having coldly laid down the
 plan of the operations necessary to make
 a noble resistance she followed it with
 art and spirit. The attack was made
 with

with an equal desire of conquest. Mr. G—— seized every opportunity which chance, or nature favoured him with to reduce the enemy, and at last surrounding him with his powerful allies, sighs, caresses, *soupers fins*, jewels, gold and settlement, the conquered submitted to the law of the victor. That law was the reverse of that imposed upon a rival people subdued after a bloody siege by *la raison d'un plus fort*. Mrs. Palmer was not only complimented with all the honours of war, but even suffered to wreath her head with the laurels of victory : her defeat was her triumph. —Her heart, Richard, prepared the entertainments she gave to her lover—her heart—no other expression could make thee sensible of their mutual happiness. May the heart of thy Betty well-

wellcome thee to her arms!—it is the sole wish a friend can make for thee, for I know of no other bliss a mortal can either long for, or enjoy.

The visits of Mrs. Palmer to the *canon* began to grow scarce: hardly *three times a week* did gratitude bring her to his levee—gratitude! how amiable that virtue in woman! when it warms a female breast, its fire differs not from that of love—how many mistake every day one for the other:—how many more mistake self interest for either and are happy! imagination thou hast all the charms of reality! the *canon* was pleased? so were Mr. Palmer, and Mr. G——. Each of them had alternately a feast agreeably to his taste—the excellent cook always studious of contenting

tenting her guests, never heard a word of complaint.

Thus for eleven months Mrs. Palmer lived a devotee to love, duty, and gratitude. Finding herself pregnant, she had the *magnanimity* to renounce the embraces of her husband and the *canon* and to *suffer only* the caresses of the man she loved.

The child I am with, is yours, said she to Mr. G——, who doubting not her word, received Miss Palmer, as his daughter, when she made her appearance in the world. The *canon* having never heard of the financier, laid a fatherly claim to the new born being; and his claim the complaisant Mrs. Palmer had the generosity to confirm. For
the

the husband, he continued to perform cheerfully the part he had assumed, and did wellcome the little Miss with the affection of a real parent.

“ Who the duce can believe such a
 “ tale *Frederic* ? it has not the appear-
 “ ance of probability—three fathers !—
 “ envy, or malice have invented
 “ that calumny”——

Art thou mad, Richard ? is there any marvel in that ? didst thou know the good nature of the husbands of this country, and the ingenuity of their wives, thou wouldst be ashamed of thy impertinent wonder. That Miss Palmer could belong only to one of that *trio* of creators is true ; but it is as certain that the three may have co-operated with Mrs.

D

Palmer

Palmer in the creation of her daughter.
 Were I to doubt here of the *possibility*,
 I would be laughed at. A married
 woman who has but two lovers is hard-
 ly suspected of an intrigue: several
 ladies of fortune boast half a dozen,
 and yet are not stared at. I do not ap-
 prove those manners? but as they form
 the general character of this nation, no
 body in *Paris* questions the veracity of
 that circumstance in Mrs. Palmer's his-
 tory; and it is what they believe that
 I must write to thee.



I will

I will pass over, Richard, the particulars of the life of Miss Emily Palmer 'till she entered into her teens. The life of a girl without passions cannot excite thy curiosity, it will be enough for thee to know that she was at that period witty, proud and thoughtless, and that her education was intrusted to the ablest virtuosi of the age. She was just fourteen years old when an apoplectic fit sent Mr. Palmer to the shades below, where he was soon followed by Mr. G——. Neither loss was felt by Mrs. Palmer, whom a longer possession of both would rather have made miserable than happy. When objects have ceased to please, the necessity of mimicking a tenderness for them is a torment: prudes only can feign a sorrow, or shed a tear over their memory. Mrs. Palmer

D a

was

was still young, and had a very genteel fortune : she looked therefore upon her widowhood as the most agreeable situation for a woman of her sensibility.

The *impotency* of being *vicious*, had given the *canon* back to *virtue*, thinking that weak and rare enjoyments did not deserve he should, for them, run the risk of a leap into hell at his death, he repented for the past, confessed his sins, and found in the absolution given him, an unquestionable warrant to oblige *St. Peter* to let him into heaven. White washed by the sacred talisman, and fearless of a relapse, the *canon* visited Mrs. Palmer as a friend, and diligently superintended the education of Emily.

Till

Till then the time and the thoughts of Emily had been taken up with useful sciences and agreeable talents: but when at fifteen the eager, passionate looks of her lovers, and the secret heaves of her bosom taught her that she was beautiful and sensible, she neglected books and music in favour of dress and the desire of pleasing.

Mrs. Palmer had too much discernment not to perceive that nature had struck the heart of Emily with the sense of pleasure, and that man was the object of the reveries she indulged, but too discreet to let her into the secret of the discovery she had made, she contented herself with taking an estimate of her sensibility by its effects on her features

features and behaviour. She was not long to form a judgment of Emily—"she is my daughter," exclaimed she. ——— Those four words, Richard, tell thee what Emily was. The sight of a man called a colouring upon her cheeks, and though it quickly vanished, it always left behind the traces of an inward, pleasing sensation.

Mrs. Palmer trusted her remarks on Emily to the *canon*, whose reason was not at all alarmed at the forwardness of the young girl's feelings.

"They are feelings inherent to her
 "age, madam, as natural a want as
 "thirst or hunger; the defectiveness of
 "that want would announce an imper-
 "fection

“ fection in the mechanism of her or-
 “ gans——I am glad Emily has not
 “ that imperfection. Let us tell her
 “ continually of the falshood of men,
 “ and of the danger of a connexion
 “ with them, by that means we will
 “ cool the longings of her soul, or
 “ give her the power to resist their
 “ seduction.

“ Her ingenuity will be her enemy
 “ ——it was that ingenuity which
 “ betrayed me in your arms.——Man
 “ had been pointed to me as a monster
 “ ——yet——

“ Let us not think of the past,
 “ dear madam; the memory of our
 “ pleasures would be death to my vir-
 “ tue.

" true—indeed it is not proof against
 " the thought of them——what a
 " sweet girl thou wast then ! I would
 " not have changed one of thy amorous
 " kisses with the triple crown of the
 " pope——let us speak of Emily—
 " I feel a diversion necessary against
 " thee——thou art hardly altered—
 " the brilliancy of thy eyes——their
 " language——it is as expressive as
 " it was at that time——thou smilest !
 " —smile not, or"——

Mrs. Palmer would smile, Richard
 ——the devil, who was in waiting
 grinned maliciously at the priest, whose
 soul, had he gone that way from this
 world, would have been his undeniable
 property ; but the *canon* outliving that
 day,

day, the expectations of the infernal
rogue were happily baffled by a new
absolution.

Paris 1770.

D 5

LET

L E T T E R VII.

SO long as man, and the pagod upon her chimney were alike to the senses of Emily, she indulged no reflection on her mother's behaviour; but, when nature had improved her mind with the theory of the pleasures she was born to enjoy, she thought that a young, well made footman in the family, gave now and then to his mistress lessons of the practical part. Emily had observed many expressive glances exchanged between her mother and Charles; and the tone of her voice whenever she spoke to him was so sensibly marked with concern, that it would have proved him a favourite

favourite even to the eye of incredulity itself. In order to get rid of her suspicion, Emily watched diligently the motions of her mother, who, soon after, betrayed by her till then faithful genius, confirmed the observation she had made.

Emily had one afternoon stolen into Mrs. Palmer's closet for a new song, when hearing a noise in the next room, she tiptoed to a glazed door to know what it was. The situation of that door, in respect to the light, making it a most excellent retreat for curiosity, Emily drew, discreetly, enough of the silk curtain, to have, unseen, a full view of the objects in the room.

Mrs. Palmer was before a glass undressing herself. The love of pleasure spread

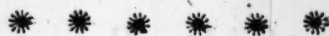
spread over her lovely face ; the sparkling langour of her eyes, and the expression of some, involuntary sighs she breathed, made Emily think that either her mother had been just sacrificing to Cupid, or was preparing for the sacrifice. Mrs. Palmer had by degrees parted with almost every part of her dress ; and by degrees self love which had formerly forced Narcissus to gaze with delight upon himself, had fixed her to the glass to admire the exquisite form and beauty of every charm she possessed. She had not been long in the voluptuous dishabillee of nature before a door opened.—How the heart of Emily fluttered at the sight of Charles entering the room in a sultry summer's day cloath ! Modesty made her shrink back a few paces—curiosity brought her again to the place she had left.

“ I will

“ I will not be surprised, Charles, said
 “ Mrs. Palmer, affecting a blush and
 “ putting her hands before her breasts—
 “ go—let me dress.—

The *go* of Mrs. Palmer being not pronounced with the proper accent of command ; Charles, far from obeying, clasped the amorous dame in his arms, and fixed his lips upon hers. Then in a trice he untied and pulled off the remainder of her apparel.—Would I had been, Richard, where Emily was, not to partake of the bewitching scene before her, but to enjoy the intoxication it struck her senses with ! Like Venus coming from the bath, Mrs. Palmer shone with her own beauties—happy Charles !—Mrs. Palmer fled behind the bed curtain—Emily--that instant Emily gave

gave her heart up to the sentiment of pleasure, and wished for reality.



“ They talk to me of virtue, honour
 “ and religion, said Emily, when the
 “ first sensibility of what she had seen
 “ having vanished, she was left at liberty
 “ to reason, and yet my mother—since
 “ she fears neither infamy nor hell, like
 “ hobgoblins, they must be fancies
 “ invented by ignorance or folly—my
 “ mother’s reason is strengthened by
 “ experience—her behaviour evidencing
 “ that the duties prescribed to me may,
 “ by her, be dispensed with, why should
 “ I more than she have a regard for
 “ them ?

“ them ? She is a widow—well, I am
 “ a maid : My raptures like hers will
 “ wrong no individual—discretion, I
 “ perceive, is the sole virtue necessary
 “ to our sex——discretion ! thou shalt
 “ be my goddess !——But if I ever
 “ take a husband, disgrace may be my
 “ lot—disgrace ! how should a husband
 “ know any thing of the matter ? — — ”

Then Emily took the tales of La Fontaine.

La nuit vint : on porta la reine dans son lit.

A son honneur elle en sortit :

Le prince en rendit temoignage.

Alaciel à ce qu' on dit

N'en demandait pas davantage.

Ce conte nous apprend que beaucoup de Marie
 Qui se vantent de voir fort clair en leurs affaires
 N'y viennent bien souvent qu' apres les favoris,
 Et tous savans qu'ils sont ne s'y connoissent gueres.

The

The authority of La Fontaine appearing unquestionable, Emily renounced immediately her fears, as she had done her virtue through the example of her mother.

When those we are brought up to respect and believe act in opposition to the maxims they maintain to be true or divine, their sway over our minds ceases naturally at the first exertion of our understanding. The proud bishop intriguing at court, and the humble curate drinking in a tavern make the satire of religion and temperance——will children abhor adultery when their parents glory in their libertinism? The vices of the persons we don't live with, or are not obliged to obey, do not [so forcibly strike our reason as the bad conduct

conduct of those it is our duty to cherish and reverence. A youth like a flexible plant will receive every impression you will give them ; but, if once they think themselves deluded, no argument will bring them back to truth, which your actions have told them to be a chimera.



Emily having convinced herself that her pleasures would be no crime if they were kept secret, thought proper to bely her heart, and put on the looks of indifference. “ Under that mask, whif-
 “ pered she to her sensibility, thou shalt
 “ safely indulge thy wants—who
 “ will

“ will suspect thy enjoyments, when I’ll
“ seem an enemy to them ?”

Then looking as if she thought, she
exclaimed——“ Yes—hypocrisy is the
“ most beneficial character a woman can
“ assume—law and opinion have made
“ her a necessity of it——who would
“ blame the slave attempting to break
“ the fetters which chain him to his
“ oar ? Woman is that slave——’tis
“ folly to think any more, I will act.—

With this discreet resolution of Emily
I’ll finish this letter, and subscribe myself
thine for ever.

Paris 1770.

F. N——.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

EVERY time I take the pen to write to thee, Richard, three hearty curses slip from my lips against thy damned curiosity for the trouble it givest me. Thou thinkest not of the danger I run. Were I to leave upon my desk a letter upon this subject, when, on a sudden it comes into my head to ramble abroad, what compliment should be paid to me at my return to the *hotel*? I'll tell it to thee, that thou mayest not under value the sacrifice I daily make to friendship. An Exempt of the *police* with his gang of banditti having, with a most courteous bow, forced

forced himself into my apartments, and fearless of restitution, honorably robbed me, would desire me in the name of the grand monarch to leave the kingdom in twenty-four hours. No other punishment would they dare to inflict upon an Englishman; but however insignificant it may appear to thee, it would be a very painful one to a man of my disposition. At my age Paris is an enchanting place. Here pleasure gives the law; every where else he receives it. Pride in England, jealousy in Spain, superstition in Italy have set up caprice in his place——by the French only he is adored under every feature, which he either holds from nature or borrows from fancy. “To your history, Frederic”—I will, Richard.

No



No sooner had Emily determined to favour her sensibility, than her heart was almost dead to desire. This alteration being absolutely the reverse of what she expected from the design she had formed, she smiled at the oddity of the remedy she had found against temptation.

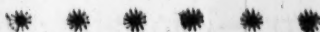
“ What ! said Emily, wondering at
“ the suddenness of her cure ; I am wil-
“ ling to humour the foibles of nature,
“ and the very minute I command scru-
“ ple away, I turn indifferent and vir-
“ tuous ! are we then fond of doing
“ only what we either are forbid, or
“ dare

“ dare not to do? If so, why have men
 “ imposed upon us duties so difficult to
 “ discharge? It seems as if they all
 “ sided for vice against virtue—and
 “ they presume to complain, when we
 “ throw off the intolerable weight they
 “ have foolishly overloaded us with!
 “ ridiculous! I am certain that the con-
 “ straint put upon our inclinations, is to
 “ us an irresistible enticement to in-
 “ dulse them—were we at liberty to
 “ enjoy, pleasure would hardly be desi-
 “ rable—none would think it a compen-
 “ sation for the fear of contempt. —
 “ Since the fire of the passion, which
 “ raged in my bosom is vanished, I
 “ shall not rank among the devotees to
 “ libertinism—but can my forcible in-
 “ difference of vice be called virtue?
 “ No, no, fools only will give it that
 “ name

“ name——how many are indebted to
 “ that false virtue for their modesty,
 “ and reputation ! the rich man robs
 “ not——he wants nothing. Let him
 “ know misery—I am afraid he would
 “ turn a thief. This woman is faithful
 “ to her husband—let her love another
 “ man—who will answer for her con-
 “ stancy ?”

These reflections were not a defence
 against the cravings of a passionate soul;
 they rather tended to increase than to
 abate their obstinacy. When she believes
 in the power of circumstances, and that
 the indulgence of her affections is sancti-
 fied by them, what woman will shut
 her heart to the passions, and not be
 their slave ? Is it natural, that with such
 a turn of mind, she should prefer self-
 denial

denial to possession? No, pleasure will dictate, and she will obey.



Emily commenced the coquette, soon performed that character to the life, and in less than three months excelled the most famous *petites maitresses* in the art of joining thoughtlessness to discretion and reason to wit. Her smiles, motions, and features had a peculiar expression. No woman could boast its novelty; no man resist its seduction. When Emily talked, you was insensible of her beauty: it was then in her, her wit you adored. Was she silent, you forgot her wit, to lose yourselves in the gazing of her person, which was

as

as strikingly handsome, as elegantly delicate—like pleasure which we enjoy and know not, Emily was lovely, though her admirers were unable to say what made her so—she was a prospect which, viewed either in front or profile, presented you with a variegated scene of beauties. Which of those beauties was the most pleasing, or gave an illusion to the *ensemble*, it was impossible to determine, as wherever you cast your eyes, they were equally attracted and delighted.—To tell thee, Richard, what Emily was, is to tell thee what the countess *de Barré* is. Adieu.

Paris 1770.

E

LET.

L E T T E R IX.

I Saw Yesterday, Richard, the original of the picture I drew in my last, and wished myself in the place of Lewis, not, with the weak powers of a man in his autumn, but with my own—my own faculties of enjoying. That beauty is worthy the homages of the most healthy youth—the favour of a king does not make up for the want of that heavenly fire, which warms the breast of a lover in the spring of his life—*pride* is only a secondary passion in a female heart—*pleasure* is the first—this is *Nature's* work, the other is *Opinion's*.

The

The countess de Barré does honour to her rank : she——— but I must speak of Emily, and not of the countess.

Mrs. Palmer, conscious that coquetry was the antidote of love, commended Emily on her desire of pleasing, and encouraged it as a counterpoise to the insidious flattery of men. The play was dangerous ; Emily did not foresee it—its seeming innocence betrayed her into security, and that security into the feeling of the pains she gave.

In the crowd of her admirers was an officer of the French guards, against whom Emily had played her batteries of seduction with the most complete success. The chevalier de M—— had

one of the prettiest figures imaginable, was tall, well shaped, and could boast hands as finely turned as those of the cardinal *de Bernis*. You may possibly think, Richard, that fine hands are no advantage in a man : The ladies in this country are of a different opinion. To that advantage only the cardinal was indebted for his preferments in the church and state. With that merit he ingratiated himself into the affections of *Pompadour*, and other female dispensers of the goods of this world, and by their means rose to the pinnacle of human grandeur from the lowest ebb of misery.

The *Chevalier de M——* having but just entered in the army, had not yet lost the candour and sincerity peculiar to a young man untainted by a com-

communication with *les gens du bon ton*. He saw Emily, loved her, and thought it her right to know the conquest she had made. As the looks of the chevalier were rather lively than tender, rather expressive of pleasure than of respect, rather telling "love me", than "I love you", Emily looked upon him as a young man, and not as a lover. Her pride was not gratified by the desires she gave; it was more the triumph of nature than her own—she put her sole glory in making miserable the man, she knew, it was in her power to make as exquisitely happy.

Emily appeared, at first, to welcome the addresses of the chevalier: He was suffered to talk of love, to offer a flower, to kiss her hand, and to wait upon.

upon her on a Saturday evening at the *tuilleries*. Sometimes she complimented his senses with a loving glance, and a voluptuous attitude; and now and then with an artful disorder in her *Respectueuse*. The sight of her ivory and restless bosom instantly called up his soul in his eyes—like the child gazing, with the sigh of desire, upon the toy he is forbid to touch, the looks of the chevalier entreated Emily to save his longings,

In proportion to the increase of the chevalier's passion, the seeming concern of Emily dwindled into indifference--un- generous Emily! you was as inhuman as the gods, who placed a sumptuous banquet before the starved Tantalus, and permitted him not to taste of it! disappointment to the ambitious, the small-
pox

pox to a beauty, are trifling evils to the tumult felt by a lover who is unexpectedly deprived of happiness at the very moment he thought it his own.

The sighs, the tears, the complaints, and the amorous epistles of the chevalier did not avail him. The more he loved, the less he affected the heart of Emily, who constantly answered with mirth and wit the language of his passion.—My landlady! upon honour, Richard, she deserves the preference—I must leave thee for her.—*Entrés, Entrés Ma belle dame : j'ai fini.*

L E T.

LETTER X.

I Finished my last very abruptly, Richard ; to make amends for my impertinence, I will begin this in the same manner.

Emily was one morning in her parlour, absolved in thoughts about nothing, when the chevalier came to see her.

“ I disturb you, madam.—

“ A lover never does, chevalier.—

“ I am sad—some of your usual flatter-

“ ing tittle tattle will reanimate me—

“ come, tell me you love me.—

“ There

“ There was a time, Emily, when I
 “ thought that such a declaration from
 “ me was pleasing to your ear—

“ Who has told you it was not at
 “ present ? I am certain, I never said
 “ it.—

“ Your tongue has not ; but your
 “ behaviour perpetually speaks it.—

“ Well, my behaviour tells a lie, for
 “ I am really fond of flattery—I even
 “ own that no man excels you in the art
 “ of praising—How long was you in
 “ the study of that art ?—

“ Can you mistake truth for flattery ?
 “ Did ever a lover flatter ?—

“ Ah, ah, ah ! this, chevalier, is ab-
 “ solutely new. What else but flattery

“ are the expressions of love? Are not
 “ those expressions the highest compli-
 “ ment you can pay to our pride? When
 “ you say that you love me, don’t you
 “ indirectly pronounce my panegyric?
 “ You certainly would not boast an in-
 “ clination for a woman who should not
 “ deserve it?—Would you, chevalier?—

“ Out of respect for myself I would
 “ not, madam.—

“ So, you flatter me to gratify your own
 “ self love!—I wonder no longer at the
 “ *natural* with which you marked every
 “ eulogium you lavished upon me—
 “ when we commend to be esteemed,
 “ wit and ingenuity flow naturally from
 “ our lips, and, as naturally, give to
 “ our countenance their life and spirit.
 “ I am happy to have been fancied by
 “ you

“you an object fit to raise your own
“fame——”

And she curtsied with a smile to the
chevalier.

“Your language and mine Emily,
“differ as much as our affections. I
“love—you are indifferent—How
“should we understand one another?—
“I once would have betted twenty to
“one that you loved me—

“It was a bold wager, chevalier,—I
“am glad you did not lay it.—

“Did not you listen to me?

“What then? Was I to forbid you
“my presence for a few unmeaning
“words, or to turn impolitely my ear
“from

" from you when you spoke to them ?

" No. I took these words for what

" they were, and was neither affected

" nor over-pleased. We had each of

" us a favourite folly : Yours was to

" talk of love, mine to be admired—

" we indulged it mutually—Was there

" any evil in that ?—

" You seemed delighted——

" You had an interest to believe it—

" that interest made your error.——

" Your looks answered often my

" sighs——

" Did they really ?——

" They did indeed !——

" More

" More shame for you, chevalier.
 " A pretty woman answers your lan-
 " guage, and you don't make use of
 " her foible!—ah, ah, ah!—

" Diffidence——

" Then the answer from my eyes was
 " not so explicit——had they distinctly
 " said, " I love you chevalier," you
 " would have acted agreeable to their
 " expression——

" Those sparks of sympathy were so
 " scarce——

" For that very reason they were not
 " to be lost——

" What would you have had me to
 " do?——

" Upon

“ Upon my word, chevalier, your
“ question is ridiculous”——

And she tript to the glass, singing

*Du dieu des cœurs,
on adore l'empire :
lui seul avec des fleurs,
Enchaîne tout ce qui respire.*

The chevalier sat silent, confused, but
cursing in his heart the hour he had seen
Emily, and her wit, and coquetry, and
the false interpretation he had given to
her looks.

“ Have I not sung well, chevalier ?--
“ and she sat by him.

“ Would your heart were as tender,
“ as your voice is harmonious !——

“ I will

“ I will not join with you in that
 “ wish—love must be a torment——

“ It is a delight when mutually felt—
 “ did you love me, you would think
 “ the time lost you have been indiffer-
 “ ent——

“ Why--I don't know--but what you
 “ say may be true.—However I cannot
 “ venture a positive yes or no upon a
 “ situation I am unacquainted with.
 “ Talk of music, dancing, poetry, I am
 “ a tolerable connoisseur in those talents,
 “ and can give you my opinion of them--
 “ you ought, chevalier, to choose some-
 “ times topics to my taste, and not per-
 “ petually indulge your own. Come,
 “ get rid of that impertinent gravity,
 “ which disgraces your features, and be
 “ your-]

“ yourself again—thoughtfulness in a
 “ young man is the satire of his merit—
 “ have you no pride, chevalier?—

Then she took a rose out of a nosegay she wore at her bosom, and presented him with it. This favour in France is a symptom of love, and is always returned with a kiss. But the chevalier was too sincerely vexed at the insensibility of Emily, to think either of that symptom or of the right she had given him to the enjoyment of her lips. He received the rose, smelt at it, sighed, shook his head, and shed a tear,

The chevalier's unfeigned sorrow affected Emily—she involuntarily partook of it—pity entered her heart—she arose to conceal the concern she felt.

After

After a few minutes silence, the chevalier drew near Emily. He would speak, and could only gaze upon her—their eyes met—the fear of offending coloured his cheeks, and stammering “forgive” he returned to his chair.

Plague on my complaisance! I have been writing this half hour, though with a new amour upon my hands—I will write no more, Richard. Thou art angry! I care not for thy anger. Adieu.

Paris 1770.

LET.

LETTER XI.

EMILY wondered at the interest
 she had on a sudden taken in the
 sufferings of the chevalier—"Sure, I am
 "bewitched—what mean the new emo-
 "tions which I attempt in vain to sub-
 "due? is it pity?—is it love?—am I
 "caught in the very snare I laid for the
 "chevalier—was there such a charm
 "in the tear he shed, that I could not
 "withstand its power?—good God,
 "how changed I am!—that tear has
 "created a new soul in me—a tear to
 "produce such an effect!—it is impos-
 "sible—there are times when our souls
 "are

" are more disposed to tenderness——
 " are forcibly moved without knowing
 " why?——to the unaccountable in-
 " briety of my senses, and the pathetic
 " of his action he is indebted for my
 " feelings——I have cried at the peru-
 " sal of imaginary distresses——the
 " chevalier's misery is real——my con-
 " cern in his grief is natural—it is pity,
 " and not love"?——

After this mental soliloquy Emily
 would resume her usual gaiety ; but *wit*
 expired on her lips, and *coquetry* va-
 nished from her countenance.

" Now, indeed, exclaimed Emily
 " with a sentimental accent, that I can
 " be neither a *wit*, nor a *coquette*, I do
 " not know what judgment to form of
 " myself!—

“ myself!—chevalier, help me to the
 “ knowledge of myself—tell me what
 “ I am, when I am no more what I
 “ was.——

“ Add not insult, Emily, to the pain
 “ you give——I am not a fit object for
 “ your raillery——

“ Hear me, chevalier”,——

And, in a most engaging manner she
 invited him to the sofa on which she sat.

“ Your favours, Emily, are a poison.—
 “ you smile upon me, but to make me
 “ more miserable—out of pity seek not
 “ to please me——

“ When I was indifferent, my beha-
 “ viour, chevalier, was in character—
 though

" though false to you, I was true to
 " myself—I found pleasure in your un-
 " happiness——pride was the reigning
 " passion in my heart, and it was every
 " hour luxuriously entertained by your
 " despair——my coquetry pride then
 " dictated——my coquetry sentiment
 " now makes me abjure——

" Heaven ! what do I hear ?—are
 " you in earnest ?—Emily, Emily—

And he kneeled before her in a con-
 fusion, the charms of which no mortal
 pen can describe.

" What I have said, chevalier, I feel -
 " but be not overjoyed at this altera-
 " tion in me—I possibly yield to pity
 " only—how could it be to love ?—so
 " suddenly !——

" It

“ It is to love—believe me—

“ You are judge and party, che-
“ lier—

“ You have already my looks, and
“ the tone of my voice—those charac-
“ ters of a passion I cannot mistake—
“ you love me—

“ I cannot say yes—I will not say
“ no—be calm, chevalier, your joy
“ will blind my reason—let me with
“ coolness search into my heart—assist
“ me in the enquiry—if I love you—
“ I will not dissemble it—I will
“ think my sincerity a virtue—a debt
“ to your sufferings, which my grati-
“ tude must acquit.—

As

As well might Emily have bid the winds not blow, as to desire her lover not to express the satisfaction he felt. It was too new, too delightful a sensation to be moderately enjoyed ; for half an hour his spirits were inflamed by the fever of happiness.

The chevalier's paroxysm of joy, much more powerful than reason, erased every doubt from Emily's mind, and convinced her that love and not pity commanded in her heart. No sooner was she certain of the reality of her situation, than she generously communicated it to the chevalier, when his soul recovering from its delirium, he could more calmly possess the assurance of being loved by her.

As thou art a lover, Richard, thou
mayest guess the conversation which en-
sued. Adieu.

Paris 1770.

LET.

LETTER XII.

“ **T**HE first thoughts of Emily,
 “ when the chevalier had left her,
 “ were about the consequences of her
 “ passion.

“ I love——that’s certain——my
 “ heart and senses agree to this truth.
 “ —The chevalier is not rich——
 “ marriage between us reason forbids
 “ ——pleasure cannot dwell with
 “ craving and never gratified desires
 “ ——it riots not where want presides
 “ ——the caresses of a beloved hus-
 “ band

" ban d satisfy not the longings of vanity
 " ———the intervals to and from those
 " caresses are necessarily taken up by
 " reflection——and reflection would,
 " as necessarily, turn at last our incli-
 " nation into indifference.——To
 " expose myself to an indifference,
 " which would be more painful than
 " death, would be a downright folly
 " ———then happiness is so seldom
 " an attendant upon marriage——it
 " seems as if it was an enemy to it——
 " raptures must be free to be enjoyed
 " ———the duties of a wife!——
 " those duties are death to love——
 " what husband can long pant after
 " pleasures he can command——what
 " wife studies the art of enlivening
 " them?——were they suffered to
 " divorce every three years, I dare say
 " they

" they would be constant lovers—
 " marriage then would be as desirable
 " a state as it is now dreadful.—My
 " reputation——did I, chevalier, hesi-
 " tate to sacrifice it to thee, wouldst
 " thou deserve my tenderness—should
 " I be worthy of thine?——my
 " happiness is wrapt up in my lover's—

" Nature, thou art my goddess—so thou I bend!

" the chevalier shall be happy—but
 " when, where——mutual desire will
 " point."

From this hour, Emily considering
 the chevalier as a man fated to make
 her happy or miserable, studied care-
 fully his character, and finding still

new motives of loving him, resolved to create an opportunity when none but Cupid should be of the party with them.

So discreetly did Emily and the chevalier behave, that Mrs. Palmer had not the least suspicion of their attachment to each other: she saw but friendship in the tie which united them. Both in public performed to the life the part of indifference, and would have deceived even the sagacious eye of a rival; in private they were amorous, passionate, but decent. Emily was always upon her guard—she would give but not be robbed—she sometimes suffered the chevalier to sigh upon her lips, and to glance his finger upon her breast —I know

——I know several prudes, who, in a *tête à tête* with the chevalier, would not have had the moderation of Emily.

That Emily wished for more, I do not deny——that the fear of an intruder made her virtuous, may be true——but could not the glance of the chevalier's finger upon her breast have been changed into a pressure of it——and his sighs upon her lips into voluptuous kisses? the time allotted for the former would have been sufficient for the latter——yet history relates that at that time the chevalier could boast no greater favours, and that it was only after he had deserved the esteem of Emily that he was supremely

premiere happy. In my next thou
 shalt find him in the arms of that love-
 ly beauty. Adieu.

Paris 1770.

Paris. 1770.

I that I wish to see
 do not deny—that the fear of an
 intruder made her virtuous, may be
 true—but could not the glance of
 the cavalier's finger upon her breast
 have been changed into a picture of
 it—and his sighs upon her lips into
 voluptuous kisses? the time allotted
 for the former would have been suf-
 ficient for the latter—yet history re-
 lates that at that time the cavalier
 could boast no greater favour, and
 that it was only after he had detected
 the cheat of Emily that he was in-
 troduced.

L. E. T.

LETTER XIII.

MR S. Palmer awaking one day with a megrim, thought that an airing in the country would dissipate it. Emily, who thought that the excursion might be as favourable to the distemper which raged in her heart, proposed to dine *chès le suisse à choisy*.

"Would you have us go by ourselves Emily?"

"I fear, madam, that the air without agreeable company, will not
complete

" complete your recovery.——The
 " marquis de L—— and the che-
 " valier de M—— will make the day
 " slip chearfully away.——

" I am of thy opinion: pleasure is
 " an excellent restorative. Thy choice
 " of the men is unquestionably good—
 " let's send for them.——

A seryant was dispatched, and the
 ladies went to their toilets.

" Softly, my heart, softly, said
 " Emily, sitting before her glass, thy
 " quick heaves foretell too loudly my
 " lover's triumph—warn me not of my
 " defeat—virtue may oppose thy im-
 " pulse——awake her not——O
 " chevalier! this day will be a day of
 " glory

" glory to thee——of unknown delights
 " to me——restless curiosity silence !
 " I will listen——I will yield but to
 " love——the trillings of pleasure
 " have already passed in my veins—I
 " tremble, as if I was under the ex-
 " tatic fit—modesty ! adieu.——Na-
 " ture will prevail.——

Emily had not yet finished the im-
 portant business of the toilet when she
 heard the chevalier coming up to her.
 ——her senses were still in the height
 of the intoxication, caused by her
 thoughts on pleasure.

" How I fear his presence ! the first
 " kiss he gives will betray me——he
 " will see pleasure in my eyes, and
 " feel it upon my lips——since Nature

“ has marked this minute for her
 “ triumph, let me spare my modesty
 “ the shame of not opposing it—

Then she threw her night-rail off
 her shoulders; and with a shaking leg
 and a panting heart step'd to the bed,
 and laid herself down upon it.

“ If the chevalier neglects this oppor-
 “ tunity, he is neither a man, nor a
 “ lover—I will infallibly hate him—
 “ I must not awake till he has deserved
 “ my forgiveness——what a flutter
 “ I am in!——I fear to be under-
 “ stood, before he has freed me of the
 “ necessity to dissemble——

Emily

Emily had just stammered the last words, when the chevalier entered the room.

“Emily!—Emily!”

No answer was returned. A sigh the chevalier fancied he heard led him to the bed. He softly opened the curtain, and discovered Emily in a dress and an attitude, which the goddess of pleasure could alone have inspired. His soul was instantly fired with the desire of enjoyment; he turned to the door, bolted it, and came back with the firm resolution to attack and conquer.

Emily had upon her a waistcoat and petticoat of muslin lined with rose taffeta—in that dress, did Venus

use

use to appear before Adonis——her left leg up to the garter, was uncovered by the petticoat——the sight of that leg, and of a thigh whiter than alabaster, made him delirate for the beauties he did not see——he unbuttoned the waistcoat and had the full view of *deux têtens*.

Allant, venant, Separés, faits au tour.

At the touch of her breast an heavenly fire struck every nerve and entered every vein. Prudence and the sighs Emily could not smother bid him not to admire but to possess——he obeyed——Emily awoke——

“I thought I dreamed——it is a reality——the chevalier in my arms!”

The

The chevalier kept silent, but his soul spoke all the charms of oratory—Emily would speak again,—an inflamed kiss stop'd the words on her lips—she struggled to make him lose the advantages he had gained—her struggles confirmed them the more—Emily screamed, and a flood of tears gushed out of her eyes—

“Spare me chevalier—I love thee—thou art forgiven—but spare me—thou hast behaved like a man—Now act the lover—spare me—

The chevalier was deaf, inexorable—he kissed her tears away, and went on with fierce courage in pursuit of raptures—Emily stifled the sense of her pains,

pains, and lovingly answered his transports—her conquest was not so easily to be made—nature deprived the chevalier of victory—he was forced to retreat.

Emily, far from foolishly chiding her lover, treated him as a man she adored. She suffered him to feast his eyes and hands with every charm she boasted, and paid with the kiss of voluptuousness each eulogium he gave. Soon, mutual desire called them to action—mutual desire, Richard! does thou conceive the delights they enjoyed? thou doest, since Betty loves thee. At this attempt, every obstacle was conquered, and Emily's soul united to the chevalier's in reciprocal bliss.

The

The novelty and delightfulness of her sensations, endeared the chevalier to Emily—she was at a loss how to express her love and satisfaction—she strained him amorously to her bosom—and “ I love thee, I love thee ? ” were the sole words she could speak—these words and her caresses sprung a new life in the chevalier.

“ What *encore* ! — ”

And she smiled. The *encore* Richard was wellcome, and Emily owned that this last sacrifice had been attended only by raptures. Adieu

Paris, 1770.

LET-

LETTER XIV.

OUR lovers went to Choisy; dined at the *Suisse's*, and after a repast, which gave to their senses their usual health and elasticity, took a walk into the labyrinth. They had not long wandered in its windings, before Cupid led them to a grove. In one corner of that grove was a bed of turf: thither they mechanically directed their steps; but the wanton Emily stole from the chevalier's arms, and ran away from that throne of pleasure. Her lover followed her—Emily's foot slipped; she fell upon the grass overspread with flowers——as
she

she fell she seized the chevalier's hand and drew him along with her. Emily's play, and the disorder of her dress worked up the spirits of her lover into a flame. He passed his left arm round her waist, and turning to the right breathed his intention upon her lips, and marked it in the preparations he made ! his intention Emily thought excellent—but she mistrusted its effects—fancying that the fire of love ought to be sparingly used, she feared it should be too soon exhausted. Though she had never experimented the strength of the enjoying power of man, she had been told that he excelled all other creatures in desires, and was their inferior in the faculties of satisfying them.

To-

" Tomorrow we must love again,
 " said Emily with a sigh nature forced
 " from her breast—you are too dear to
 " me—I will not lose you—let us eco-
 " nomise the transports of love.

And she attempted to hinder a further
 progress of his operations—in her at-
 tempts Emily felt that she had not esti-
 mated the riches of her lover to their
 real value—that knowledge made her
 smile—her diffidence vanished—she
 sided with the chevalier, and helped
 him to happiness

When a voluptuous tittle tattle suc-
 ceeded the fiery raptures of their souls,
 Emily told ingenuously her lover her
 amazement at the success of his attacks
 —and at the frequency of them. The
 chevalier

chevalier answered not that her charms desired a more brilliant homage, but proved it most gallantly during the two hours they stayed in the grove.

“ Love is a delight when it is mutually felt, you told me once chevalier
 “ —I am now convinced of it—this is
 “ the first day I have lived—had you
 “ lived before?—

“ Never the same life, Emily—this
 “ life no man can boast—to enjoy it,
 “ he ought to have my heart, and his
 “ mistress your beauty—

Emily gave him the sole thanks his sensibility wished for.

Thus, Richard, began the amours of Emily ; thus did they for two years

con-

continue with the same poignancy and delight. The chevalier was always amorous and constant, Emily always loving and faithful. Having agreed to steal their enjoyments, disappointment, or want of opportunities kept their desires alive—not once did they feel an abatement in their transports—not once did they part without pain—meet without pleasure.

The content Emily enjoyed diffused itself into her countenance and conversation. Pleasure added to her beauty, and sprightliness : her presence revived the old, and enlivened the young—she was the soul of both—every day she had the tender either of a hand or of a heart, and that hand and that heart were every day refused.

Mrs.

Mrs. Palmer wondered at the indifference of Emily : she did not understand it——“ her daughter indifferent !
 “ she had once seen herself in the sighs
 “ she amorously breathed——in her
 “ confusion at the salute of a man——
 “—in the involuntary heaves of her bosom—how came all those symptoms
 “ of sensibility to vanish on a sudden !
 “ was virtue or pride the cause ?” Mrs. Palmer concluded in favour of neither, but attributed Emily’s indifference to the want of merit, or skilfulness of her adorers.

“ Will you not secure a rank or a
 “ fortune when it is in your power to
 “ obtain them ? said often Mrs. Palmer
 “ to Emily : matches are incessantly
 “ offered to me for you—is there no
 “ man

“ man you wish for a husband? tell
 “ me, Emily, is there no such a man
 “ among your numerous visitors? speak
 “ the word—if there is one he shall be
 “ yours——

“ I have not yet seen that man——

This was Emily's usual answer.
 Adieu.

Paris 1770.

LET.

LETTER XV.

WERE I to relate every stratagem our lovers practised to concert *rendez-vous* unknown to all the world, I would not have done in ten years; but from the necessity they had imposed upon them to enjoy by stealth, thou mayest be certain that the hours they passed together were solely devoted to pleasure—and that that pleasure had always the charms of novelty. The chevalier however longed for a night—that night Emily thought it imprudent to grant.

Are

“ Are you tired of being happy ?
 “ said she to her lover : will you for
 “ one night expose yourself to lose
 “ me ?—besides, how could we enjoy
 “ that night with the fear of being
 “ discovered ?—prudence makes me
 “ rank among the virtuous—a false
 “ step will class me with the libertine—
 “ envy me not my reputation—it is a
 “ needless sacrifice since thou art happy
 “ without it.—If ever an opportunity,
 “ without danger, offers to gratify thee,
 “ I will”.——

The chevalier being four months after
 upon duty at Fontainebleau, where the
 court was, invited Mrs. Palmer and
 Emily to partake of the diversion of a
 grand hunting match. Madame *de*
C—— being with them, when they
 received

receive the chevalier's letter, the invitation was communicated to her. She engaged Mrs. Palmer to accept it, and promised to be of the party with her husband. The addition of such good company was a new incitement: Mrs. Palmer answered the chevalier, who took handsome apartments for them in an hotel near the palace.

Madame *de C* was a great favourite of Emily, whom in her turn, of all her sex, she loved the best. She had lately married a young magistrate to whom she had brought an immense fortune, and both lived rather like friends than as lovers. His powers of pleasing the fair were astonishing, and though he carried his adorations to the shrine of different goddesses, his wife

G

had

had no reason to complain of a neglect in the payment of the matrimonial duty. Madame *de C*—— was tall and yet graceful—her shape was exquisitely fine, and she had a pair of such sprightly, talkative eyes as to tell a voluptuary that her soul was made of love and desire. Add to this a set of healthy, ivory teeth, a rosy lip, a neck, where

En mille endroits etait niché l'amour,

And thou shalt have the picture of that lady.

Mr. *de C*—— did not conceal his intrigues from his wife.

Dès que le sire avait donzelle en main
il en rioit avec son épouse :
les droits d'himen allant toujours leur train
n'était besoin qu'elle fût la jalouse.

Même

Même, elle eut pû le payer de ses tours,
 et comme lui voyager en amours,
 sauf d'en user avec plus de prudence
 Ne lui faisant la Même confidence.

Madame de C—— as a polite and discreet French wife suffered patiently what it was not in her power to avoid. Sometimes the thought of revenge glanced on her mind: But that thought was always indulged when she was in a *tête à tête* with the chevalier. Of all her secrets, this was the only one she kept from Emily, who of all her secrets had only kept from her that of her inclination for the chevalier, and of a frolicksome adventure with her husband—— with her husband! yes, Richard, with her husband. Thou shalt know that mystery. Adieu.

LETTER XVI.

MR. de C—— was not insensible to the charms of Emily, who herself was not insensible to his merit—she esteemed him, and sometimes was tempted to make him happy—but she loved the chevalier, could she favour Mr. de C—? he had been long one of her most assiduous admirers; though, since his marriage, he had disused with her the language of love, yet he constantly expressed it in his looks and manners. Half of his fortune would he have freely given for her possession—he told her of it——she feigned

feigned not to hear—What his looks, his manners, his generosity, her esteem could not effect was done by curiosity.

The conversation one day between Madame de C— and Emily was about man. The subject was indiscreet I confess—but what other topic will women treat when by themselves?—are we not as indiscreet as they? is not woman the eternal theme of our thoughts and discourses?—Madame de C—— extolled to the skies the talents of her husband, and added that not one man in a million boasted the same *favour* from nature. She gave such a particular account of that *favour* and of its *effects*, that Emily thought the chevalier's merit insignificant in comparison, and Madame de C——'s pleasures infi-

infinitely greater than her own. Though this reflection created for the present no change in her heart, it amused her imagination, and added to her partiality for Mr. de C——.

A day or two after her conversation with Madame de C——, her husband went to Mrs. Palmer, who was not at home, and finding no servant in the anti-chamber, entered the dining-room just as Emily was putting her garter on. Her confusion at having mistaken his steps for those of her lover, made her forget the situation she was in. The fixedness of his looks upon that charm of her person, telling the cause of his attention, she instantly deprived him of that view he seemed to delight in.

“ This

“ This is downright murder, cried
 “ Mr. de C—— ; since chance and
 “ not you favoured me with the sight
 “ of the most beautiful leg I ever be-
 “ held, why did you inhumanly balk
 “ my eyes of the pleasure they enjoyed ?
 “ —could you not boast that leg, it
 “ would have been right to conceal it—
 “ Emily, rob not your pride of my ad-
 “ miration—let me see that leg again—

As he talked, the memory of his *talents* awoke in Emily's mind, and caused
 there such a hurly-burly, that she had
 hardly the inclination of opposing the
 attempt he made to her leg ! Mr. de
 C—— finding such a faint resistance
 improved his advantages and proceeded
 to the knee——Emily looked as if she
 had been under the power of a charm—
 she

she neither could speak nor act in her defence——her heart and senses were absolutely captivated by the thought of the *effects* of the *favour* which nature had bestowed upon him——curiosity ! thou didst induce the mother of mankind to taste the forbidden fruit—thy power laughs at reason, and commands it !—the trouble of Emily emboldened Mr. de C—— to deserve the opportunity nature had gave him. He did not give Emily the time of thinking ; but increasing the tumult of her spirits by the fire of his kisses, and the voluptuous rambling of his hands, he reclined her on the sofa, and fixed himself in her arms.

Richard ! how weak woman ! under some circumstances how quickly defeated !

feated !—When the act of her infidelity commenced, Emily lay panting, frightened to death—Mr. de C—— justified instantly her fears, and made her repent her curiosity——then she made a sincere struggle to get rid from his arms, but it was too late——

“ Mr. de C—— ! my friend ! how
 “ ungenerous !——what spell have you
 “ made use of to lull my virtue asleep ?
 “ —ah !——

Mr. de C—— answered not.

Emily was almost fainting—she felt an agony of torments and delights——Mr. de C—— adding continually to its keenness, it became at last intolerable—
 “ quarter—quarter” !—Emily was not
 • G 5 heard—

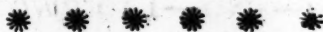
heard——her breath grew short, fast and loud——who could describe, Richard, the inimitable charm of the fall of her head—the delirium of her dying eyes——her half opened lips, through which sighs and sobbings escaped united one to another——the chattering of her teeth——the quick fall and rise of her breast——the hue of pleasure and pain over each feature——the madness of love in her tears. If thou knowest an *Appelles* or an *Ovid*, let them draw the picture—I am not able to do it.

Compassion pleaded in the heart of Mr, de C——— for Emily. He moderated the impetuosity of his transports, and husbanded them with such a discretion, that pleasure began to be the prevailing sensation Emily felt—that
 sen-

sensation she marked in the warmth of her caresses, and the sharing of his extacy——

“ Emily——Emily——

She answered with sighs and raptures——with straining him to her bosom——with biting his lips with fury.



“ What a bliss, Emily!——

“ It is too dearly bought——I am dead——

Mr. de C—— would have convinced her that she was still alive ; but though
his

his manner of proving was incontestably persuasive, Emily refused to be reasoned that way into the sense of her existence. After having set her dress in order she desired Mr. de C—— to set by her.

“ You have found the critical hour
 “ in which I was a woman, and taken
 “ the advantage of it——could you respect me when my trouble told you
 “ to enjoy ?—No—I forgive you—my
 “ inclination joined with my senses in
 “ your favour—that inclination is not
 “ love—but it is so like it, that there
 “ are minutes when their language is
 “ the same—you love me—you are a
 “ man of honour—I do not repent my
 “ foible——hope not however to meet
 “ with

" with the same hour again—I'll be
" upon my guard——

" You are not in earnest, Emily?—

" I am—be it caprice or virtue, I'll be
" upon my guard——

" But, dear Emily, if fortune favours
" me with that hour——

" If she does—lose it not——

" And you will be more complai-]
" sant?——

" Very likely—but that hour will
" not come——

" Suppose it should——

" Then

“ Then I'll act as you please—but
“ till then, you must act as I bid—

“ Agreed—

“ There is my hand.—

“ Oh Emily ! you make me pant for
“ that hour—have I not been very ge-
“ nerous ?—

“ Here is for your generosity—

And she abandoned her bosom to the
enjoyment of his lips.

“ I am not a prude—it would be a
“ folly to affect an anger I do not feel,
“ or a severity you don't deserve—I
“ have made you happy—you have
“ there—

“ therefore a right to those favours—

And she returned a kiss he had given—

“ Never will I deny that right, if you
“ promise me—

“ What?—be it what it will, it is
“ granted—I give my honour—

“ I accept that security—discontinue
“ *badinage* whenever I'll say twice, *stop*—

Mr. de C—— smiled at the whim,
and thought it would not last, but he
was deceived. He took immediate pos-
session of his right, but soon abusing it,
he was complimented with the repetition
of *stop*.

I admire the good sense of Emily,
Richard, could she behave more pru-
dently?

dently? indeed, she could not. Two months had elapsed from that adventure to the chevalier's invitation; and if my memoirs are true, Mr. de C—— never, during that time, found another critical hour. The cause was the fear he had inspired Emily with, and not her love for the chevalier, whom at that time he rivalled in her heart. He played with Emily as Ovid did with Julia, and the word *stop*, though sometimes maliciously forgot, was always pronounced and obeyed. It is said, but I don't vouch for the truth of it, that Emily willing to know how far honour would prevail over passion in the heart of Mr. de C——, once opened her arms to him, and invited him to raptures. Mr. de C—— hearing the wished for hour strike, acted presently the lover.

After

After three expressive sighs, attended with as many expressive, *softly*, Emily opened her lips to utter the word *stop*, when on a sudden her soul fluttering in pleasure he profited by the voluptuous incident, and by a forced march surprised the enemy, and got a complete victory.

“ Good God ! exclaimed Emily, I
“ am taken in the very snare I laid for
“ him—O nature !—*β*—

A seasonable kiss prevented the pronouncement of the two last letters.

My reasons for thinking this adventure apocryphal, I will give in my next. Adieu.

Paris 1770.

L E T.

LETTER XVII.

MRS. Palmer with Emily, Mr. and Madame de C— set out for Fontainebleau. They were met within a few leagues of that place, by the chevalier de M—— who escorted them to the hotel. The chevalier shewed the ladies their respective apartments, and when he could, unperceived, whisper a few words to Emily, he told her that the closet, next to her mother's room, in which she was to lay, had a door which opened into a large unfrequented wardrobe.

“ That

“ That door, dear Emily, is so well
“ hidden by the tapestry, that I defy the
“ eye of an indifferent to perceive it.
“ Through that door I'll come to you,
“ when Mrs. Palmer is asleep—this is
“ an opportunity without danger—keep
“ your word—give me this night—

“ My mother may awake—if she
“ hears us—

“ We shan't speak—I'll be silent as
“ the grave—

“ But, the indiscreet breathing of
“ our sighs—

“ It cannot betray us—

But, can we love, and make no
noise?—you know—

The

The chevalier returned her smile and promised the utmost discretion. With silence, discretion, and no light, Emily foreseeing no danger, she gave her consent.

Mr. de C—— having waited with the chevalier upon the ladies to their apartments, had observed the door in Emily's closet, and finding that nobody took notice of it, swore to make the best of his discovery.

When Mrs. Palmer and Emily came down to the dining room, he stole unseen into the closet, and unbolted the door. He found the next room full of household stuffs, an excellent place for concealment. From that room he proceeded to a narrow passage leading to a
back.

back stair-case, which terminated to the garden.

“ She shall be mine, exclaimed he
 “ with transport ; Emily, thou shalt re-
 “ pay for the two last months of misery
 “ thou hast loaded me with !——

After this exclamation, he joined the company. In the evening he went to court, and from hence wrote the following card to his lady.

To Madame de C——

I have been forcibly engaged by the countess de Tesse to a concert ; the concert will be followed by a ball—it will be six o'clock in the morning before I am free——excuse me to the ladies.

C——

Madame

Madame de C—— was pleased at the engagement of her husband—"it will not be my fault, said she to herself, if the chevalier does not—

Here she stopped——smiled——and shewed the card to Mrs. Palmer. The hunting party being for the next day, the chevalier advised the ladies to go to rest early, that they might go with spirit through the fatigue of the chace. Emily and Madame de C—— having their reasons to follow his counsel supported it; and immediately after supper Mrs. Palmer and her daughter retired to their appartments.

"It is yet too soon to go to bed, said
"madam de C—— to the chevalier—
"you

"you will not sure refuse to have a
game at pique with me.——"

And without giving him time to reply,
she offered him her hand.

The chevalier was nigh, at first, denying her request, but considering that a game at piquet would be over before Mrs. Palmer should be in the hands of *Morpheus*, he politely thanked Madame de C —— for her favour, and waited upon her in her room.

Mr. de C —— upon the stroke of ten came to the hotel, and slid into the large
room

room next to Emily's closet. He had not been there ten minutes before he heard her wishing a good repose to her mother, and bolting every door, except that he wished to be open. When he saw no light, and knew by the drawing of the curtains that Emily was in bed, he tiptoed to the closet, and at the fifth step he made into it was saluted with—

“How rash!—expose me not—
walk softly—my mother—go—come
not—it is imprudent—to-morrow.

As the “to-morrow” might not come, Mr. de C—— stayed, undressed himself, and partook of Emily's bed.

Emily passing her arm round his neck,
tenderly

tenderly embraced him, and carrying his hand to her bosom——

“ Good God ! I am too weak——I
 “ should deny—if you have been seen—
 “ speak not—

Mr. de C—— obeyed ; but made her in one instant sensible of her mistake—a *high-bo* she was forced to breathe told her it was not the chevalier.

“ Mr. de C—— ! good God !—how
 “ the duce did he come here ?—I have
 “ not betrayed myself—it is lucky—
 “ ah ! ah !—

After that ah ! she involuntarily cried—

H

“ Stop—

room next to Emily's closet. He had not been there ten minutes before he heard her wishing a good repose to her mother, and bolting every door, except that he wished to be open. When he saw no light, and knew by the drawing of the curtains that Emily was in bed, he tiptoed to the closet, and at the fifth step he made into it was saluted with—

“How rash!—expose me not—
walk softly—my mother—go—come
not—it is imprudent—to-morrow.

As the “to-morrow” might not come, Mr. de C—— stayed, undressed himself, and partook of Emily's bed.

Emily passing her arm round his neck,
tenderly

tenderly embraced him, and carrying his hand to her bosom——

“ Good God ! I am too weak——I
 “ should deny—if you have been seen—
 “ speak not——

Mr. de C—— obeyed ; but made her in one instant sensible of her mistake—a *high-bo* she was forced to breathe told her it was not the chevalier.

“ Mr. de C—— ! good God !—how
 “ the duce did he come here ?—I have
 “ not betrayed myself—it is lucky—
 “ ah ! ah !—

After that ah ! she involuntarily cried——

H

“ Stop——

“ Stop—Mr. de C——, you abuse
 “ my situation—it is ungenerous——
 “ let us talk——lay by me——

Mr. de C—— would talk, but not
 lay by her.

“ How could you get in?—

“ Through a back door, you did not
 “ see——

“ This is not my critical hour—you
 “ must *do* what I *bid*——

“ It is an opportunity as favourable
 “ as any critical hour——none of your
 “ old tricks, Emily——

“ Ah!—stop—

“ You

“ You must *act as I please*—

“ I’ll call—

“ You dare not—

And his “ You dare not” was accompanied by an other *high-ho* (a) from Emily——

“ Is it thus you keep the word you gave ?—

“ Is it thus, Emily, you forget yours ?---

“ Why will you steal this night,
“ what to-morrow my inclination may
“ give ?----

(a) Those forcible *high-ho* are, we imagine, the reasons of the author’s believing the anecdote in his last letter apocryphal.

“ The present is certain, a fool only
“ would lose it---

“ If I give my word---ah!---

“ Were I sure to live, I would take
“ it, be pleased and go.---

What could Emily do, or say? should
she have cried to awake her mother, or
attempted to convince a man who
would not be convinced? no---

“ Since thou wouldst take my word,
“ thou deservedst my love---be happy
“ dear C-----

Then Emily submitted to her fate
with a good grace, and lavished upon
him

him all the careffes ſhe had intended for the chevalier.

Mr. de C—— behaved to her ſatisfaction---he lingered, or haſtened in his races as ſhe dictated, and both were ſupremely happy.

“ Now for Madam de C—— Frederic !——

“ Patience, Richard. Let me not
 “ overload the picture——Madame de
 “ C—— deſerves to be portrayed à
 “ part. Adieu.

LET-

L E T T E R XVIII.

TH E shaking of Madame de C——'s hand, joined to a more than usual, lively coloring on her cheeks, attracted the attention of the chevalier, as he went along with her. When in her room, the hand he held in his, he could not politely leave without previously carrying it to his lips. It is the *Etiquête* of the French manners, and the chevalier was too well bred up to fail in so important a point of civility.

“ Don’t you admire my husband’s
 “ complaisance, chevalier ?—were you
 “ in

“ in his place, would you treat me with
“ such an indifference ?——

And one smile told him to say no.

“ Indeed, Madam, I am not a judge
of a husband's feelings—did I form my
“ opinion of those of Mr. de C——
“ from your beauty, I would say how
“ he ought to be affected——but not
“ perhaps how he really is——

“ So, chevalier, you think it possible
“ that my husband should not love me—

“ I think that a lover only can do
“ justice to the merit of a woman.——

“ Why should not a husband be as
“ just and impartial as a lover ?—When
“ a lover is happy, is he not a husband?
can

“ can you mark any difference between
“ them ?——

“ A very sensible one Madam.——

“ What is it ?——

The one steals his enjoyments, and
“ the other commands them at will.—

“ I am glad I am not your wife, che-
“ valier.——

“ Why that ?

“ Why ? would not I be miserable
“ to love you, and not be loved ?——

“ Every husband, Madam, is not
“ Mr. de C——

“ This

“ This is a compliment paid to my vanity—
 “ but flatter me not———speak
 “ truth——

“ I am certain that, though your husband,
 “ I would continue your lover—

“ Then, chevalier, I am sorry I am
 “ not your wife——

And she darted at him the expressive
 look of tenderness.

The chevalier understood the sense of
 that look—was tempted to answer it—
 but his heart was so full of Emily ——
 “ that night he had so long panted
 “ after—it was time to go”———

Madame de C——— expected with
 impatience for the effect of her look

and words. She began to entertain a very poor idea of his gallantry and understanding, when the chevalier mimicked a sally of spite, and seasoned it with half a frown, and half a smile, the meaning of which was evidently——
 “ I do not like the jest”.——

“ Trust me your thought, chevalier
 “ —what has on a sudden discomposed
 “ you ?——

“ Your raillery is too keen—I wish I
 “ had not been the object of it—but it
 “ is late—you must get up early—good
 “ night, Madam——

“ Good night, Sir.——

The

The chevalier's pride was offended at the coldness of her, "good night " Sir".—he turned his head, but was not taken notice of——his self love was exasperated Emily was forgot——

" What ? not yet gone, chevalier ?—
" cried Madame de C——

" No——not yet——nor will I go at
" all——

" The reason ?—

" Because I believe I'll displease you
" by staying——

" You are extremely obliging, cheva-
" lier—

And she dropped a curtsy.

" Never

“ Never in my life was I so grossly
“ mistaken—said the chevalier, throw-
“ ing himself in a chair.

“ What is the mistake :—

“ A— a nothing—

And he walked in the room with the
strides of indignation.

“ How false women are !—

Madame de C— enjoyed the
confusion of the chevalier—knowing it
would turn to her advantage, she let
him rave at discretion.

At last advancing towards her—

“ You wish me to be gone—don’t
“ you Madame ?—

A smile

A smile was her answer.

“ Speak—cannot you say yes?—

“ Suppose I would say no—

“ I hate a supposition—be plain—

“ Which of the yes or no will please
“ you the best?—

“ Why—no.

“ Let it be no then—are you satisfied?
“ fied?---

The chevalier would have told his satisfaction upon her lips, but Madame de C——— defending his approach to them, he was obliged to say in the vulgar way that he was satisfied.

The

“ What shall we do to kill an hour
“ away, chevalier ?——

“ Let's love that hour away——

She shook her head——

“ That will not do—let's play at
“ cards——

“ Cards ! when I am with you—
“ at this time of night—no husband to
“ fear !—dear Madam, be more gene-
“ rous.—

And he made an attempt to her bo-
som, and was successful.—

“ Be discreet, chevalier, or I'll recall
“ the No I have pronounced.—

The

The behaviour of Madame de C——
inflamed the chevalier the more so
that he feared her resistance to be
real.

“Din’t you wish me for your hus-
band?——

“I did.——

“Love must have caused that wish—
and yet——dear Madame, bely not
your heart——

“Talk no more——forget what I
said——

And she put her hands upon his
lips.—The chevalier would not be si-
lent—would not forget—he spoke and
was heard.

“It

“ It is true—I love you, chevalier—
 “ but my saying it is the only favour I
 “ will grant—go—I must to bed—it
 “ is almost twelve—to morrow I’ll
 “ say again, “ I love you chevalier”—
 “ ring the bell for the landlady’s daugh-
 “ ter——she will unlace me——

“ At one and the same time you de-
 “ light and torment me——you love
 “ me——and bid me to go!—to go,
 “ even without the comfort of a kiss!—

“ Well, chevalier, take this, and
 “ this, and this again.——

“ The more you give, the more I
 “ want——one more——let me pay a
 “ tribute to this bosom—to this neck—
 “ this breast I have not adored as it
 “ ought to be——

Madame

Madame de C—— suffered him to pay his tribute, and adore—her senses wellcame his homages, and her heart beat for delights.

“ Let me unlace you—the women
“ are all retired——

“ Will you go when you have
“ done?—

“ I will.—

Madame de C—— began by putting on her night dress---she knew, Richard, he would stay---then with the help of the chevalier pulling her gown off, she sat upon his knees to be unlaced.

The chevalier, when the stays were half opened, acted so well the part of a
lover

lover-valet de chambre, that Madame de C—— neither could nor would deny him to perform the other duties of his new office---he undertook this—he undertook that—whatever he undertook, Richard, he accomplished. Mayest thou boast the same ! Adieu.

Paris 1770.

LET.

LETTER XIX.

IN the intervals of her enjoyments, though some pretend that those intervals are still more voluptuous than the reality of bliss, Emily had thought of the chevalier. Mr. de C— permitting not a thought to dwell long in her mind, she could not indulge it, but towards the morning, when incircling her in his arms, he gave way to slumber upon her bosom.

“ The chevalier was so impatient of a
 “ nocturnal *rendez-vous* ; yet, when he
 “ has obtained it, he neglects the favour I
 “ grant.

“ granted !—he did not come—I would
 “ have heard him damn at the bolted
 “ door, cough, call, and curse—What is
 “ become of him ?—he went with Ma-
 “ dame de C——

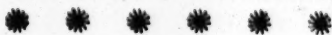
She smiled.

“ I am certain she does return the
 “ compliment to her husband——she
 “ loves the chevalier——I have read
 “ her love in her looks——if she has
 “ desired to seduce him, she has suc-
 “ ceeded——a pretty woman is always
 “ victorious over the senses of a young
 “ man—but one smile—one attitude,
 “ will betray him in her arms—let them
 “ be happy——let them be as happy
 “ as I am——this night has in-
 “ gratiated Mr. de C—— into my
 “ affec-

“affections——he has given life to
 “feelings I did not think to possess—
 “thus in his arms, with the drefs of na-
 “ture each fense enjoys——in the drefs
 “of pride or decency how different the
 “fensations ! love, real love compen-
 “fates not for the difference.—I fan-
 “cied I knew blifs——this night only
 “I have known it——never before has
 “my foul been fo luxuriously enter-
 “tained——

j'y ai pris goût.

“ I muft own it.——



I might have paffed over Emily's re-
 flections, and glanced over her plea-
 fures, Richard ; but they are to her
 cha-

character, what modesty is to the mien of Mrs. Cr——w. If you portray her without it, who will know her? I draw Emily with the pencil of truth: if the colouring is sometimes too lively, it is nature's fault and not mine. The picture of *Lucrece* cannot be that of a *Lais*: a skilful painter gives to his personages the life peculiar to their feelings and behaviour; if to please the prudes and hypocrites, he will throw the drapery of virtue over a vicious woman, and make her speak and feel, as she never felt and spoke, he will be decent, but not true, represent a chimera and not a reality.

A kiss telling Emily that Mr. de C—— was awake, she returned it to tell him she was not asleep.

“ Would,

“ Would, Emily, your careffes were
 “ caused by real love ! I owe them only
 “ to your esteem of me——I am but
 “ half happy—forgive ; I am wrong to
 “ complain when you are so generous—
 “ was this panting breast animated by
 “ love——

“ Can you think it is not ?——did I
 “ not love you, would I have returned
 “ careffes for careffes, transports for
 “ transports——would I have partaken in
 “ your raptures ?——be not unjust to
 “ yourself and me—is this kiss marked
 “ with indifference ?——mistake it not for
 “ Nature’s——love gave it.——

The noise of the servants in the hotel
 announcing the day-light, Mr. de C——
 had no time to doubt. He believed,
 and

and Emily, by a speaking renewal of passion, confirmed him in his faith.

The fear of being surpris'd took at last Mr. de C—— from Emily's arms. He retired as discreetly as he came; but instead of going to his lady's apartment, he step'd to a parlour where he found the chevalier, near a large fire meditating the destruction of a cold partridge's pye.

“What? hungry so early, chevalier!——

“I thought, that after the fatigue of the ball, this pye would be acceptable to you—

“You thought right, chevalier; I want to refresh my spirits——I have

“ have danced, till I was almost exhausted.——

And then, they fell with equal courage and resolution upon the pye.

Whilst they were thus prudently employed, the ladies got up, dressed for the chase, and at nine o'clock came down to the parlour.

The French, Richard, have a discretion we cannot naturalise in our countenances. Had two of our beauties, after their first nightly scenes of pleasures, seen their lovers in the morning, their mutual confusion would have betrayed their foibles. But Madame de C—— and Emily presented themselves with the coldness of indifference ;

I

and

and Mr. de C—— and the chevalier, had they had the eye of suspicion, could not have read their enjoyments in their looks.

Had Emily told Madame de C—— her thoughts upon her last night's revels with the chevalier, she would have betrayed a concern it was prudent to conceal. Madame de C—— might have interpreted her curiosity in a manner, which would not have done honour to her virtue. This apprehension silenced her desire of enquiring after the truth, and of boasting that she knew it.

“ I thank you, chevalier, whispered
 “ Emily, for your care of my reputa-
 “ tion—the sacrifice of a night you had
 “ so

“ so long wished for, is the most convincing proof of your affection for me——

“ I feared to expose you, dear Emily.——

And he turned his head to conceal the lie, which was marked on his features.

“ I am right—he cannot dissemble——

These words were thought and not spoke.

“ You look dejected, chevalier,——
“ are you not well?——

And she simpered maliciously upon him.

“ The conflict between my fears and
 “ my desires has kept me awake almost
 “ the whole night——

“ I pity you : your sufferings must
 “ have been great, indeed !—desire is
 “ not easily subdued——’tis a terrible
 “ enemy to combat with—I wish Ma-
 “ dame de C—— would have sided
 “ for you against him ; she would have
 “ blunted the keenness of the mortal suf-
 “ pence you was in——she is hand-
 “ some——a remedy from her hand
 “ would have been infallible—since you
 “ could not come to me, you should
 “ have stayed with her——

“ Can you think, that a man, who
 “ loves you, would riot in another
 “ woman’s arms !——

“ Why

“ Why not when beauty and oppor-
 “ tunity smile ?—Did I ever take you
 “ for a fool ?——come—you know
 “ my discretion—be sincere with me—
 “ have you acted Madame de C——’s
 “ husband ?——

“ I have not, stammered the cheva-
 “ lier.——

“ I believe you.——

And the tone of her voice expressed
 she did not.

“ I must not appear to doubt his
 “ word, said Emily to herself, that I
 “ may not be betrayed into the neces-
 “ sity of resenting his infidelity, or into
 “ the shame of forgiving it.——

“ I am

“ I am wrong to vex you, chevalier,
 “ after you have been so generous—
 “ I know you would not have been un-
 “ faithful to me, had Madame de C—
 “ been surrounded even by all the il-
 “ lusions of pleasure—to plague
 “ you is sometimes my delight—am I
 “ forgiven?—

And she stole her hand in his—he
 marked her pardon in a gentle pressure,
 and they joined the company.

The weather being uncommonly moist
 and cold, Mrs. Palmer, asked the
 chevalier whether the diversions of
 hunting would compensate for the cold
 they should get—

“ It will not, Madame, if you don’t
 “ intend to mount your horse at the

“ *rendez-vous* and follow the king. It is
 “ better to stay here than to wander up
 “ and down the forest shut up in your
 “ coach.——

Mr de C—— assuring the ladies
 that most of the courtiers, who had
 been at the ball would not accompany
 the king; it was resolved *nem. con.* not
 to go.

“ Since we are here, said Emily, let’s
 “ not return to Paris without seeing the
 “ court and the appartments.——

In consequence of Emily’s desires, a
 new toilet was made, during which the
 chevalier and Mr. de C—— found in
 the balsam of sleep the revival of their
 bloom, strength and spirits.—— They
 went

went to court, dined at the hotel, and spent a most chearful and happy evening among themselves. Cards, songs, wit, love and wine were so seasonably blended, that only at two o'clock in the morning they began to perceive it was late ; at three they all retired to their appartments, and Emily bolted the back door and went to bed——it is said, however, that a gentle knock awaking her between six and seven, and knowing the chevalier's voice, she rose and humanely helped him in. Adieu.

Paris 1770.

L E T.

L E T T E R XX.

THanks to the discretion of her lovers, Emily passed among her acquaintances for a pattern of virtue——thanks to her own discretion neither the chevalier, nor Mr. de C—— ever suspected a rival in one another. The nights Emily granted to Mr. de C——, Madame de C—— gave to the chevalier; and the chevalier was happy in the arms of Emily, when Mr. de C—— could not decently part from his lady. Had they all been in the secrets of each other, the most voluptuous *parties quarrées*

would have been formed between them ; but as their intimacy might have been conjectured, Emily's pride bid her be prudent. The reputation she possessed increased the poignancy of her private enjoyments ; she never gave a freer loose to the sensuality of her soul, but when she had been most praised upon her modesty and virtue——

Several years slid in a continued round of pleasures, and a perfect union among those amiable couples. Madame de C—— and Emily were inseparable, when the chevalier being obliged to join the army, and Mr. de C—— accepting of the intendance of a province, a general separation ensued, and Emily at almost the same time lost her two lovers.

The

The absence of the only persons she loved threw Emily into a lowness of spirits, which withstood all the powers of the diversions of the town. Her lovely face was forsaken by the pleasing hue of health, and her sprightly wit dwindled into pensiveness and melancholy. Whole days she spent in her closet with no other companions than her thoughts, and as her thoughts did always spring from the memory of the past delights, her actual situation grew more and more keenly intolerable. Books, music, plays, company had no longer any charms for Emily ; in her reveries only, though exquisitely painful when she awoke from them, she found a relief against the mortal weariness of her soul. The letters wrote to her by the chevalier and Mr. de C——
 added.

added still to her sorrow for their loss— not one did she receive which was not dictated by real passion—the pleasure she felt at the reiterated perusal of these loving epistles, engaged her to a correspondence, which, as it deluded her reason, alleviated at last the grief her heart had been oppressed with. Her answers to Mr. de C—— are inexpressibly passionate and eloquent—those to the chevalier, charmingly delicate and sentimental—and you would admire the ingenuity of the expressions of her friendship to Madame de C——. The collection of that correspondence is in my hands, Richard. The dutchess of Villeroy, who is a woman of taste and genius, has protested to me that she knows but two works of that kind in the French language, which can be compared

pared to it. The letters of the famous Ninon de L'Enclos, and those of the marchioness of C—— to the marquis of R—— by the ingenious Crebillon. It was with the greatest difficulty I obtained a copy from her manuscript, which she looks upon as a most valuable treasure——thou shalt partake of that treasure at my return to England. Adieu.

Paris 1770.

LET.

LETTER XXI.

EMILY was still in the paroxysm of her dislike to public diversions, when fate plunged her in an abyss of real misery. Mrs. Palmer, by eating immoderately ice creams after having overheated herself with walking in *Scaulx's* gardens, got a pleuresy, which became so malignant, that, at the end of the third day, she was given over by the physicians.

Who can point the distress of Emily !
 —Richard, though a devotee to pleasure, she was a daughter—she felt all
 the

the pangs of filial tenderness, and was lost in the agony of the scene before her——

“ Emily—dear Emi-ly!—we must
 “ part—I leave you—behind—friend-
 “ less—were you—married—I would—
 “ die content——

Her difficulty of breathing forcing Mrs. Palmer to pause, Emily sobbed upon the hand she held, and bedewed it with tears——she opened her lips to speak——grief closed them again, and turned the word into a sigh——

“ The canon—will—always act—the
 “ father to you—in his affection—you
 “ will—find the—comforts of life—I
 “ die poor—at my death—my annuities
 “ cease——

“ cease—secrete my papers—for your—
 “ honour and mine—let nobody see
 “ them—not even—the canon—alas!—
 “ the cold—of death—invades my
 “ heart—Emily—he happy—ah!—

She was no more—Richard, let me
 draw a veil over the picture of awful
 horror—it would strike my soul with a
 sadness I should be unhappy to feel.—



After Emily had paid her last duty
 to her mother, and seen her in her
 grave, she thought of her commands,
 and seized every paper—how amazed,
 when she glanced upon the errors and
 foibles

foibles Mrs. Palmer had fondly indulged ! she had written the history of her amours and intrigues, and inscribed it to Emily, as a living lesson against the dangers of the passions—as a recommendation to love virtue, and detest vice.—

From the date of these memoirs to the day Mrs. Palmer died, two years having elapsed, Emily thought it pretty odd that her mother should have reasoned so well, and acted so ill. To her certain knowledge, but three months before she had commenced a new intrigue and carried it to perfection, yet—her respect for the memory of her mother prevented her to complete the sense of that yet.

Only

Only one hundred and fifty *Louis d'ors* did Emily find in cash: this sum with jewels to the amount of two thousand pounds, and the house she had lived in, was the fortune she inherited——fortune sufficient for a prude——but insignificant for a coquette of Emily's taste and spirit.

Emily sighing at the poor figure she would make in the circle of her polite friends, followed the advice of the canon, and took appartments in a convent for the time of her deep mourning.

Emily loved sincerely her mother, who had never neglected an opportunity of pleasing her, and therefore chose with pleasure a retreat which would feed her sorrow, for at that time she was
really

really less sensible of her disappointments of opulence, that of the loss she had sustained. Before she entered the convent, she wrote the following billet to Mr. de C——

Dear C——

I have lost my mother—pity your

EMILY.

The nuns were no sooner certain that Miss Palmer was worth a hundred thousand livres, that they vied with each other in making her retreat agreeable. The young novices had orders to captivate her affection, and praise perpetually the happiness of a religious life; and those only, among the *pensionnaires*, who were fated for the veil, either by
the

the inhuman avarice of their parents, or their own deformity, were introduced to her as the honour of the community.

Emily took at first their attention of pleasing her, for the mere effect of common civility; but their artful transitions from compliments upon her to the satire of the world, from the satire of the world to the praise of the monastic life, gave her soon the key to the cause of their assiduity and flattery. Emily, conscious that her fortune, and not their concern in her salvation, was the object of their desires, thought proper to humour their hopes, that their disappointment might be a severe punishment upon them. She played her part so naturally, that in less than two months they all believed she should be one of the

the elect. The canon, who was in the secret, laughed heartily at the conceitedness of the sacred female fools, and felicitated gravely the prioress upon the good prize she would get.

All this time not one word had Emily heard from Mr. de C——. His silence wondered her the more that she knew he was alive and well. Other women would have, in their spite, charged that gentleman with levity or ingratitude—Emily thought differently. She laid his seeming indifference to the account of the important business of the post he held.

“ Mr. de C—— is a man of honour—
 “ never can he forget Emily—I’ll see
 “ him, when I the least expect him.—
 Such

Such was the esteem she had for Mr. de C——: such, Richard, should be the esteem, all men of real gallantry ought be ambitious to inspire the women they have loved with. Such an esteem from a sensible woman, would make a man of me, were I lost to the sense of my own dignity. Adieu.

Paris 1770.

L E T.

L E T T E R X X I I .

WITH the devout cast down looks of modern sanctity, Emily was going one morning to hear two or three masses, when she was whispered in the ear by a young sprightly novice, that a fine, very fine gentleman was *au parloir* in waiting for her.

“ Is this the time to call Miss to the
 “ *grille* when she is going to pray ?
 “ mumbled an old reverend mother,
 “ who had heard the discreet whisper-
 “ ing. Tell the gentleman to choose an
 “ other hour for his visits—

“ This,

“ This is a good one, Madam, answered Emily courtisying as she spoke——

“ Will you lose the mafs for a man ?
 “ —God forbid !——

“ Each muft have its turn——now
 “ for man, then I’ll be for the mafs——

“ Virgin Mary ! how ſhe talks !——

And ſhe croſſed herſelf ten times over.

At her firſt ſtep into the *parloir* Emily knew Mr. de C——

“ Your here ! I am happy——

“ Be diſcreet Emily—the walls here
 “ ſee and talk—I love you——my
 “ ſilence

"silence was caused by the fear of hav-
 "ing my letter intercepted—as soon as
 "I could leave the province without
 "forfeiting my honour, I posted away
 "to Paris with my wife—she will be
 "here at noon, and take you from
 "hence to dine with her—at my house
 "we will open our hearts—adieu—
 "get yourself ready—lose no time,
 "for I am impatient of conversing with
 "you—

And with the looks of extreme res-
 pect he took his leave. He had not
 gone two paces from the door, before
 Emily fancied she heard somebody be-
 hind a large screen, which lay in the
 parlour where she was. "I'll make
 "thee repent thy curiosity whoever thou

K

"art,"

“art,” said Emily to herself, and she gave a violent push to the screen.—

“You have killed me—I am
“dead——

Emily mimicking a fit of fear, rushed out of the parlour, and ringing the first bell she could hold of, told the nuns and the boarders, who came crowding about her, that she was sure the devil was behind a screen in the parlour,—

At the dreadful name of the devil, every face turned pale—every limb shaked—every tongue was silent—

“Lord! have mercy upon us! fault-
“tered the prioress with the accent of
“terror.

“Let

“ Let one of you go and fetch the
“ holy-water-sprinkle——

None obeyed.

“ Is he very ugly ; asked a pert
“ *pensionaire*.

“ His voice frightened me out of my
“ wits—I durst not look at him——

“ There he is—he is as tall as the
“ steeple—Lord !——Lord !——let us
“ fly——

Away, here and there, some to the church, some to the cellar, ran the whole female flock. It was observed that some old mothers, who had been unable to walk for the ten last years

without crutches, threw them aside, and out-run the youngest, who, now and then, darted a side look to have a peep at the devil.

Emily hastened to her apartment to enjoy the confusion she had caused. Calm succeeded the tempest. The devil hurting nobody, the nuns ventured from their lurking holes, and were saluted at their appearance with peals of laughter by the gay and incredulous. Had the power of revenge been adequate to the rage which filled the breast of the out-witted dames, Emily, and the incredulous would have suffered a most deplorable fate—but the hundred thousand *livres* softened by degrees their anger, and dissolved it at last into forgiveness.

Before

Before noon, Madame de C,
came to the convent, and after a few
unmeaning words at the parlour, Emily
went to signify to the prioress her inten-
tion to dine abroad. The infernal
gates of the mansion of hypocrisy,
sorrow and despair were opened, and
Emily with the steps of happiness flew
to Madame de C and leaped into
her coach. Then friendship, real friend-
ship enlivened their language and ca-
resses.

“ You cannot conceive, dear Emily,
“ how Mr. de C has been un-
“ happy, by not having it in his power,
“ either

“ either to write or to come to you.
“ The duties of his place chained him
“ to the province——

“ Mr. de C——, madam, has always
“ been my friend——

“ And not your lover, Emily ?——

And she smiled.

“ Blush not, my dear girl—I know
“ your mutual passion, and applaud
“ it——one of the letters you wrote to
“ him fell in my hands——it confirmed
“ only the suspicions I had entertained
“ before——you kept that secret from
“ me—from me——

“ Be just, dear Madam——have you
“ not mistrusted me ?—the chevalier—

“ Now,

“ Now, Emily, we understand one
“ another : I took a lover from you——
“ you a husband from me——

“ Say rather that I kept that husband—
“ to you——for, from the moment I
“ made him happy, you had with me
“ an equal share of his affections——of
“ no other women did he ever court the
“ favours——

“ He loved you better——

“ I was not his wife—did not you
“ love the chevalier better for the very
“ reason he was not your husband ?——

“ Indeed I did——I own it——let’s
“ ever be friends, Emily——weak souls
“ only can be affected by the puerile
“ passion of jealousy——I delight in
“ my

" my husband's inclination for thee,
 " since that inclination is thy happiness
 " ——let him not know I am initiated
 " in a mystery he never would trust me
 " with——he would be vexed at my
 " knowledge of it, through the fear it
 " might stain thy reputation—that you
 " may both enjoy the charms of an in-
 " terview after six months absence, as
 " soon as we come home, I'll pretend
 " the necessity of a few visits, and leave
 " you together.——don't thank me,
 " Emily.——

" I did not intend it.——

" Could it speak, thy heart would
 " declare thy gratitude—I see it in thy
 " looks——

As

As she spoke the last words the coach stopped, and Emily with a flutter, which betrayed her sentiments, followed Madame de C—— to her dressing room. Mr. de C—— received Emily with a brotherly salute, and condoled with her upon the loss of her mother. Madame de C—— said she would be glad to get rid of two or three troublesome visits before dinner, and assuring Emily she would soon return, left the room to the lovers.

“Dear Emily!—

“Dear C——!—

Richard, performs the rest of their part with thy Betty. Adieu,

Paris 1770.

K 5

LET-

L E T T E R XXIII.

AFTER a full hour had been devoted to love and pleasure, Mr. de C—— inquired of Emily the state of her fortune, and upon her answer, forced upon her an annuity of five hundred pounds a year, and the same sum in gold to serve her present exigencies.

“ With that annuity, Emily, and
 “ your jewels and your house, you will
 “ live in Paris an elegant, happy and
 “ independent life. If the canon is
 “ surprised at your appearance, tell him,
 “ it is a debt I pay to the memory of
 “ your

“ your mother—he is a good man ; he
 “ will believe you. Encourage his vi-
 “ sits that he may screen you from
 “ slander——when that seeming holy
 “ priest will respect you, envy and ma-
 “ lice will be silent. Leave your con-
 “ vent this day—you need not return
 “ thither—I’ll send for your baggage—
 “ the summers you will spend with us
 “ in the province—the winters I’ll be
 “ with you in Paris——

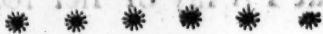
Emily gave thanks—her thanks were necessarily followed by voluptuousness.

Madame de C—— returned and
 found our lovers in the drawing-room
 sitting, talking with the calm of inno-
 cence. Emily told her the design she
 had formed to live in her own house,
 and

and Madame de C—— approved it, but insisted upon her acceptance of an equipage. She would not have her Emily walk, nor want any of the conveniencies of life, when she herself swarmed in affluence.

Mr. de C—— commended his lady's generosity, and intreated Emily not to deny her friend the pleasure of obliging her. Emily accepted, and sent a message to the prioress of the convent, who planet-struck at the news was nigh raving mad. The hundred thousand *livres*, for which she and the whole community had so fervently prayed, and so little thought of losing, was a deadly blow at the heart of the old nuns. A general fast was ordered to appease the wrath of *St. Francis* their

their fondator, who to punish their sins had suffered the ten hundred thousand *livres* to slide from their hands, when they had fancied themselves secure of the bag.



We now see Emily parading on the polite stage of the world, with grace and dignity, happy in the attachment of Mr. de C——, and the friendship of his wife—in her house, my memoirs say, Many a *rendezvous*; many a scene of pleasure were given and enjoyed by Madame de C—— and Emily. The minute relation of them would fill up a volume; since thou art determined to give these letters to the public, be assured

sured I will compliment thee with an other collection, for I find no longer any difficulties in the task of writing. Habit has made it easy to me ; but, however, as what I have already written is sufficient to show the real character of Emily, what I'll say of her for the future shall be painted in the English manner.

*Tout y sera voilé, mais de gaze, et si bien,
que je crois qu'on n'en perdra Rien.*

Paris 1770.

LET.

LETTER XXIV.

AMONG Emily's acquaintances was one Miss *Cbiveaux*. This young lady was kept by *Barré* colonel in the French service; but being introduced in the world as his wife, she appeared with honour and distinction. This connection of Emily has given birth to the tale lately propagated in Paris. They have affirmed she was her sister, and the daughter of a silversmith. This new history, like that of her birth and marriage in Poitou, is absolutely spurious. The courtiers believe neither of them. What the vulgar think,

think; I know not, for I don't understand the language of prejudice and folly.

At that time the differences between the duke of *Aiguillon* and the parliament of Brittany were the conversation of France. That imperious, dastardly lord had, through his powerful interest at court, brought up the disgrace of the worthy magistrate *La Chalotais*, whose only crime was to have opposed the law to the despotic mandates of that governor, and supported with spirit the liberty of the subjects against the unjust incroachments of the crown. The public had resented the duke's behaviour in such a manner, as to make him apprehensive of an ignominious fate, should he not put a stop to the prosecution

cution commenced against him for crimes of the most heinous nature. To bribe his judges was impossible; but to prevent his condemnation, depending upon the king's will, he made use of all his art to cheat his royal master of his reason and virtue. The duke of Choiseul and every man of honour siding against him for Mr. *de la Chalotais*, *Aiguillon's* art would have proved vain had not the duke of Richlieu come to his help.

“ We must give, said he to the
 “ frightened culprit, a mistress to the
 “ king. Being indebted to us for her
 “ rank, she will take your defence, and
 “ make the attempt of your enemies
 “ miscarry. If a favourite woman solicits not for you, you are lost. The
 “ king never will coldly commit an act
 of

“ of injustice. When his senses are
 “ cool and sober, his understanding
 “ discerns easily the right from the
 “ wrong ; then his resolutions are con-
 “ sistent with justice and virtue. Is his
 “ soul besieged with the bewitching
 “ charms of pleasure, he cannot avoid
 “ falling into errors, to which the most
 “ prudent of mankind are naturally
 “ liable. The prayers of a fine woman
 “ have a power his reason cannot resist ;
 “ to please her, he will forgive when
 “ he ought to punish.——

“ Where shall we find such a wo-
 “ man ?——

“ I take that upon me—before twen-
 “ ty-four hours are over, I’ll have a list
 “ of

“ of all the beauties in town, known or
 “ unknown.——

That very day colonel *Barré* went to pay his *devoirs* to Richelieu. The conversation turned instantly upon gallantry and women ; it is the usual topic of the old duke, who, for ten years, could talk upon it, without either being tired or tedious.

“ I am told, colonel, that there is
 “ not one woman in Paris beautiful and
 “ witty enough to captivate the king
 “ —in my time there were thousands
 “ who had every charm, every kind of
 “ wit, and would have graced even the
 “ choice of a god.—

“ I know a beauty, my lord, whom
 “ the king would adore, were he acquainted with her—

“ You

" You are a man of taste, colonel :
 " I believe you. Can I see that beau-
 " ty?—

" This evening, at my house, if you
 " please ; but she must not know the
 " cause of your visit——

" I understand you, colonel, an-
 " swered the duke with a smile. It is
 " not, I assure you, my intention to
 " rob you of the advantages of this
 " negociation. If she is such as you
 " represent her, we all shall be satisfied.
 " ——Is she married?——

" When we cannot doubt the king's
 " inclination, I'll answer the question.—

From

From the duke's *hotel*, colonel Barré
stepp'd to Emily's house.

“ If you are desirous to see the pa-
“ triarch of the *petits-mâtres*, Emily,
“ come to dine with me : I expect the
“ duke of Richelieu in the evening.—

Emily gave him not the trouble of
a second invitation. Ambitious of be-
ing admired by a man, who was univer-
sally esteemed the best judge of beau-
ty, she dressed to attract, to please, and
to move.

At seven o'clock the duke came;
he saw—heard Emily, and was inchant-
ed. The impression she made upon
him, he did not betray—In his looks
he did not discover the admiration she
caused

caused—Polite and gallant, he shared equally between the colonel's wife and Emily, his compliments and attention.

“ One word with you, colonel, said
 “ the duke, rising from his chair ; and
 “ they stepp'd into the next room.

“ The young lady answers my ex-
 “ pectations : she is worthy of the king's
 “ heart ; and she shall possess it.—Bring
 “ her to the review at *Compiègne*. I'll
 “ have a care that his majesty will re-
 “ mark her.—

The colonel went to *Compiègne*. The king was shewn Emily : he stopped his horse to view her, and gave the most evident signs of partiality. At his return from the review his majesty told Richelieu he had discovered a female angel, and spoke of her with en-
 thu-

thufiafm. Orders were given to a favourite courtier to attend upon colonel Barré to enquire who the lady was. The duke gave notice of it to the colonel, and affured him that the king was abfolutely enamoured of the young lady.

The courtier came, and was answered that the lady's name was Barré, of a noble family in Ireland, and that ſhe was his brother's wife. Satisfied with this intelligence, the courtier retired, and the colonel thought of realizing the hiftory he had juft invented. Emily was ſoon reaſoned into compliance: ſhe conſented to give her hand to the colonel's brother, ſince it was a neceſſary ſtep to her being the king's miſtreſs. Pride fascinated Emily's judgment—as ſhe was, no woman was happier—ſhe did not think of the cares and anxieties inherent

rent to the rank she was going to possess—she saw but flowers in the prospect before her—Vain, thoughtless Emily, the sensations of pride are not a compensation for the pleasures thou didst enjoy!——

Repeated messages were sent from the king, who, at last, possessed the lovely Emily, when she had sworn to favour and protect the guilty duke *D'Aiguillon*. Her husband was complimented with a pension of thirty thousand livres, and forbid the court. The *canon* she has handsomely rewarded. The chevalier has obtained a regiment; and it is believed that he and Mr. de C—— in their visits to the countess *de Barré*, fill with raptures the hours she is at liberty to be their *Emily*.

Paris 1770.

F I N I S.



